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THE GOLDEN KEY BOOK

The Golden Rule Series

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THE GOLDEN KEY BOOK
A SCHOOL READER

BY

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PREFACE

THIS Series of books embodies a graded system of moral instruction. The method of instruction involved in the Scheme is the indirect method. It introduces the pupil, in a concrete and interesting manner, to the subject matter of morals, by means of fairy tale, myth, fable, allegory, parable, legend, stories of real life, of heroes and heroines, biography, and historical incident. This method was adopted in preference to the more formal, direct, and didactic methods, because of an induction based on a *questionnaire* circulated among the teachers of ten cities, nearly ninety-five per cent of whom favored the indirect method. This induction is supported, also, by investigations relating to the moral nature in the field of child psychology, and the psychology of the first years of adolescence.

In the composition, selection, and arrangement of material, attention has been given to the laws

established by scientific pedagogy relating to the unfolding of the fundamental interests of children.

The contents of the Readers have been selected from the best literary sources. Both ancient and modern classics have been largely drawn upon, especial attention having been given, not only to the ethical content, but also to the literary and engaging qualities of the material selected. The Series includes, also, a number of original stories and much re-written matter. Everything contained in the Readers has been carefully adapted to the requirements of the respective grades — the selections having been subjected to a practical test in the schools of New York. Method, material, grading, form, vocabulary, interest, etc., have been made the subject of actual experiment. The aim has been to produce a series of books that will accomplish all the ends of literary Readers, and at the same time embody a graded system of moral instruction.

No especial pedagogical method is required of the teacher in using these books. The same method of questioning that obtains in the use of other Readers may be adopted in the use of the ethical Readers. If, in the teacher's judgment,

the pupil fails to apprehend the real moral content of the story or poem, the teacher can easily lead up to it by tactful questioning, but she should be especially careful to avoid the direct method. It is eminently desirable that the pupil should do his own moralizing, hence the teacher should not try to exhort or preach.

The Series, as thus constructed, is the only one of its kind. Books for moral instruction used by the French, the Japanese, the English, as well as in our own country, employ either the direct method, or a combination of the direct and indirect methods, and the English and American books contain much religious material. This Series must, therefore, be regarded as the first and only contribution of its character made to moral education. It is earnestly hoped that the Readers may satisfy the almost universal demand for systematic graded instruction in morals in the schools.

This particular book, designed for pupils approximately of the sixth grade, embodies all the fundamental features of the Series. It deals with the virtues and vices peculiar to children of this age. The material has been prepared with the

utmost care. Very naturally in a Reader for pupils of this grade, the broader relation to the community and the political virtues are emphasized rather than the personal, home, and school virtues that have been treated in former volumes. It is, of course, vitally important that the moral of each lesson should be apprehended by every pupil in the class. To this end, in each instance, after the story has been read by the class, it might be told by one or two of its members, and the moral brought out by judicious questioning. Too much emphasis, however, cannot be laid on the fact that direct exhortation should be avoided. The teacher should question the pupil, just as she would on any other story, to determine to her own satisfaction whether he has fully grasped its meaning. By this method, the pupil will be led to do his own moralizing, which is much more effective than exhortation by the teacher.

We are permitted by the kindness of the publishing houses named below to use the following selections: "The House by the Side of the Road," from *Dreams in Homespun*, by Sam Walter Foss, and "Hannibal," from *Boys' Heroes*, by Edward Everett Hale (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company);

"The Man Who Could Not be Bought," by L. Grace Ferguson, from *True Stories of Heroic Lives* (Funk and Wagnalls Company); "Song of Marion's Men," from the *Complete Works of William Cullen Bryant* (D. Appleton and Company); "Whatever the Weather May Be," from *Songs o' Cheer*, by James Whitcomb Riley (The Bobbs-Merrill Company); "A Great Repentance and a Great Forgiveness," from *Chinese Fables and Folk Stories*, by Mary Hayes Davis and Chow-Leung (The American Book Company); "The Sparrow," from *Lyrics of Lowly Life*, by Paul Laurence Dunbar (Dodd, Mead & Company); "Zenobia of Palmyra," from *Historic Girls*, by E. S. Brooks (G. P. Putnam's Sons); "Geirald the Coward," from *The Brown Fairy Book*, by Andrew Lang, and "The Apostle of the Lepers," from *The Red Book of Heroes*, by Mrs. Lang (Longmans, Green, & Company); "Abraham Lincoln," from *Poems of Richard Henry Stoddard*, "The Daughter of the Custodian," and "The True Story of an Old Hawthorn Tree," from *Giovanni and the Other*, by Frances Hodgson Burnett (Charles Scribner's Sons); "The Blue and the Gray," from *The Blue and the Gray and Other Verses*, by Francis Miles Finch (Henry Holt & Company).

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THE GOLDEN KEY BOOK

THE APOSTLE OF THE LEPERS

No one can travel through the countries of the East or sail about the lovely islands of the South Seas without constantly seeing before him men and women dying of the most terrible of all diseases — leprosy. The poor victims are cast out from their homes, and those who have loved them most shrink from them with the greatest horror, for one touch of their bodies or their clothes might cause the wife or child to share their doom. Special laws are made for them, special villages are set apart for them, and, in old times, as they walked they were bound to utter the warning cry : —

“ Room for the leper ! Room ! ”

From time to time efforts have been made to help these unfortunate beings, and over two hundred years ago a beautiful island in

the *Ægean* Sea, called Leros, was set apart for them, and a band of nuns opened a hospital or lazar house, as it was called, to do what they could to lessen their sufferings, and sooner or later to share their fate. Nobody, except perhaps the nuns' own relatives, thought much about them — people in those days considered illness and madness to be shameful things, and best out of sight. The world was busy with discoveries of new countries and with wars of conquest or religion, and those who had no strength for the march fell by the wayside and were left there. Nowadays it is a little different; there are more good Samaritans and fewer Levites; the wounded men are not only picked up on the road, but sought out in their own homes, and are taken to hospitals where they are tended free of cost.

It is the story of a man in our own times, who gave himself up to the saddest of lives and the most lonely of deaths, that I am now going to tell you.

On a cold day in January, 1841, a little boy was born in the city of Louvain, in Belgium, to Monsieur and Madame Damien

de Veuster. He had already a brother a few years older, and for some time the children grew up together, the younger in all ways looking up to the elder, who seemed to know so much about everything. We have no idea what sort of lives they led, but their mother was a good woman, who often went to the big church in the town, and no doubt took her sons with her, and taught them that it was nobler and better to help others than to strive for riches or honors. Their father, too, bade them learn to endure hardness and to bear without complaints whatever might befall them. And the boys listened to his counsel with serious faces, though they could be merry enough at times.

When he grew up, Joseph, the younger brother, decided that he would be a priest, and afterward he went out as a missionary to the Sandwich Islands.

For several years he worked hard among the islands, making friends with the people, to whom he soon was able to talk in their own language. The young priest knew something about medicine and could often

give them simple remedies, so that they learned to look up to him, and were willing to listen to his teaching. He was sociable and pleasant, and always ready to help in any way he could, and he was welcomed by many whose religious views differed from his own. Of course he had not been long there without finding out that the disease of leprosy was terribly common, and that the Government had set apart the island of Molokai as a home for the lepers, in order to prevent the spread of the disease; but the work given him to do lay in other directions, and, in spite of the intense pity he felt for these poor outcasts, he did not take part in actual relief.

In the year 1873 Father Damien happened to be sent to the island of Maui, where the great volcano has burnt itself out, and while he was there the bishop came over to consecrate a chapel, which had just been built. In his sermon he spoke of the sad condition of the colony at Molokai, and told how greatly he wished to spare them a priest who would devote himself entirely to them. But there was much to do elsewhere, and it was only

occasionally that one could go even on a visit. Besides, added the bishop, life in Molokai meant a horrible death in a few years at latest, and he could not take it upon himself to send any man to that.

Father Damien heard, and a rush of enthusiasm came over him. He had done the work which he had been given faithfully and without murmuring, and now something higher and more difficult was offered. Without a moment's hesitation he turned to the bishop, his face glowing.

"Some fresh priests have arrived at Hawaii," he said. "They can take my place. Let me go to Molokai."

And he went, without losing an hour, for a cattle boat was sailing that very day for the island of the outcasts.

Every Monday a small steamer left Honolulu for Molokai, bearing any fresh cases of leprosy that had broken out since the departure of the last boat. On the shore were the friends and relatives of the doomed passengers, weeping tears as bitter as those of the Athenians in the old story, when the ship each ninth year left the port with the

cargo of youths and maidens for the Minotaur. Molokai was only seven hours distance from Hawaii, and on the north side, where the two leper villages lie situated, are high precipices guarded by a rough sea. Inland there are dense groves of trees, huge tree-ferns, and thick-matted creepers. Here brilliant-plumaged birds have their home, while about the cliffs fly the long-tailed white bo'sun birds; but as a whole Molokai cannot compare in beauty with the islands which Father Damien had left behind him.

A hospital had been built for the worst cases, and, when Father Damien arrived, it was quite full. He at once went to see the poor people and did all he could to relieve them a little; and when that was impossible, he sat by their bedsides, speaking to them of the new life they were soon to enjoy, and often he dug their graves, if nobody else could be found to do it. The rest of the lepers had taken fright, and had built themselves wretched houses, or, rather, sheds, of branches of the castor-oil trees, bound together with leaves of sugar cane or with coarse grass. They passed their time in

playing cards, dancing, and drinking, and very rarely took the trouble to wash either themselves or their clothes. But this was not altogether their fault. Molokai, unlike many of the other islands, was very badly off for water, and the lepers had to carry from some distance all that they used. Under these circumstances it was perhaps natural that they should use as little as possible.

Such was the state of things when Father Damien reached Molokai, and in spite of his own efforts, aided sometimes by a few of the stronger and more good-natured of the lepers, such it remained for many months. The poor creatures seemed to have grown indifferent to their miseries, or only tried to forget them by getting drunk. Happily the end was at hand; for when a violent gale had blown down all their huts it was plain, even to them, that something must be done, and Father Damien wrote at once to Honolulu the news of the plight they were in.

In a very short time a ship arrived with materials to enable the lepers to have comfortable houses, and carpenters came to put them up. Of course these carpenters

lived quite apart from the inhabitants of the island, and as long as they did not touch the lepers, or anything used by them, they were *in no danger of catching the disease*. In order to hasten matters the Father turned his own carpentering talents to advantage, and with the help of some of the leper boys built a good many of the simpler houses in which the poorer people were to live. Those who were richer, or who had rich friends, could afford more comforts; but all the houses were made after one pattern, with floors raised above the ground, so that no damp or poisonous vapors might affect them.

But while all this was being done, Father Damien knew that it was impossible to keep the village clean and healthy unless it had a better supply of water. He had been too busy since he came to the island to explore the country in search of springs, but now he began to make serious inquiries, and found to his joy that there existed at no very great distance a large and deep lake of cold, fresh water, which had never been known to run dry. At his request, pipes were sent over

from Honolulu by the next steamer, and Father Damien was never happier in his life than when he and some of the stronger men were laying them down from the lake to the villages, with their own hands. Of course there were still some who preferred to be dirty, but for the most part the lepers were thankful indeed for the boon.

Now any one would have thought that, after all Father Damien had done and obtained for them, the lepers of Molokai would have been filled with gratitude to their priest. But among the inhabitants of the island there was a large number who met him sullenly, with downcast faces, and spoke evil of him behind his back. The priest took no notice, and greeted them as cheerfully as he did the rest, but he knew well the cause of their dislike, and he could take no steps to remove it. The reason was not far to seek; he had tried, and at last succeeded, in putting down the manufacture of spirits from the ki tree, which grew all over the island, and made those who drank it, not stupid, but almost mad. He had been at Molokai for ten years before their enmity died out,

and that was only when they knew that he, like themselves, was a leper!

For the doom, though long delayed, fell upon him. When he first suspected it, he consulted some of the doctors then on the island, as, besides the one always living there, there were others who came for a few months to study the disease under great precautions. They laughed at his words, and told him he was as strong as he ever was, and that no one else could have done what he had done for ten years without catching the disease, but that, as he had escaped so far, he was probably safe to the end. Father Damien did not contradict them. He saw that they really believed what they stated, and were not seeking to soothe his fears; but he went to a German doctor who had not been present with the rest and told him the symptoms he had himself noticed. "You are right," said the doctor after a pause, and Father Damien went out and sat in a lonely place by the sea.

In a little while he had faced it all and was master of himself again — and more; as his condition became known, he felt that he was

working with a new power. Those who had turned a deaf ear to him before listened to him now; he was no longer a man apart from them, whose health had been preserved by some sort of charm, but one of themselves. And the awful curse had not fallen on him by accident, as it had fallen upon them, but he had sought it, wilfully, deliberately, for their sakes. Thus out of his distress came a new joy to Father Damien.

Father Damien lived for nearly six years after he became a leper, and as long as he was able he took his part in all that was going on. It was only three weeks before his death that his strength gave out, and he laid himself on his bed, knowing that he would nevermore rise from it. So he died, with his friends around him and the noise of the sea in his ears. His task was done, for he had "set a light on fire" in Molokai "which should never be put out."

MRS. LANG. *Abridged.*

PRINCE MAGHA

THERE was once a nobleman's son who was known as "Magha the young Brahmin."

His parents procured him a wife from a family of equal rank; and, increasing in sons and daughters, he became a great giver of gifts, and kept the Five Commandments.

In that village there were as many as thirty families; and one day the men of those families stopped in the middle of the village to transact some village business. Magha removed with his feet the lumps of soil on the place where he stood, and made the spot convenient to stand on; but another came up and stood there. Then he smoothed out another spot, and took his stand there; but another man came and stood upon it. Still Magha tried again, and again, with the same result, until he had made convenient standing room for all the thirty.

The next time he had an open-roofed shed put up there; and then pulled that down, and built a hall, and had benches spread in it, and a waterpot placed there.

Whilst they were so living they used to rise early, go out with billhooks and crow-bars in their hands, tear up with the crow-bars the stones in the four highroads and

village paths, and roll them away, take away the trees which would be in the way of vehicles, make the rough places plain, form causeways, dig ponds, build public halls, and give gifts.

Now the village headman said to himself : "I used to have great gain from fines, and taxes, and pot money, when these fellows drank strong drink, or took life, or broke the other Commandments. But now Magha the young Brahmin has determined to have the Commandments kept, and permits none to take life, or to do anything else that is wrong. I'll make them keep the Commandments with a vengeance!"

And he went in a rage to the King, and said : "O King! there are a number of robbers going about sacking the villages!"

"Go and bring them up!" said the King in reply.

And he went, and brought back all those men as prisoners, and had it announced to the King that the robbers were brought up. And the King, without inquiring what they had done, gave orders to have them all trampled to death by elephants!

Then they made them all lie down in the courtyard, and fetched the elephant. And Magha exhorted them, saying: "Keep the Commandments in mind. Regard them all — the slanderer, and the King, and the elephant — with feelings as kind as you harbor towards yourselves!"

And they did so.

Then men led up the elephant; but though they brought him to the spot, he would not begin his work, but trumpeted forth a mighty cry, and took to flight. And they brought up another and another, but they all ran away.

"There must be some drug in their possession," said the King; and gave orders to have them searched. So they searched, but found nothing, and told the King so.

"Then they must be repeating some spell. Ask them if they have any spell to utter."

The officials asked them, and Magha said there was. And they told the King, and he had them all called before him, and said, "Tell me that spell you know!"

Then Magha spoke, and said: "O King!

we have no other spell but this — that we destroy no life, not even of grass; that we take nothing which is not given to us; that we are never guilty of unfaithfulness, nor speak falsehood, nor drink intoxicants; that we exercise ourselves in love, and give gifts; that we make rough places plain, dig ponds, and put up resthouses — this is our spell, this is our defense, this is our strength!”

Then the King had confidence in them, and gave them all the property in the house of the slanderer, and made him their slave; and bestowed, too, the elephant upon them, and made them a grant of the village.

MARIE SHEDLOCK. Retold from “The Jātaka.”

BILLY'S FOOTBALL TEAM

BILLY was now in the sixth grade. He was popular with his class, and because of his excellence in athletics, he was elected captain of his school football team. The most important game of the year was to be played with the team of the seventh grade. The rivalry between the two teams was

very keen, and, not only the school children, but many of the citizens of Stamford, looked forward eagerly to witnessing this great game for the championship.

One afternoon, after a hard practice game with the second team, Billy was on his way home. As he crossed the green, he met old Dr. Wright. The Doctor had taken care of Billy, Betty, and Ben, whenever they were ill, from the day they were born. He was very fond of Billy, and was greatly interested in his football team. Three times a week, at least, he watched the practice game. There were two players on the team concerning whom the Doctor had serious doubts. He thought that they were not equal to their task, for football is a very vigorous game. As the Doctor was anxious that Billy's team should win, he thought it best to speak to him about the matter.

"Billy," said he, when they met, "you have a good team, and I believe you will win if you substitute two players for Dick Andrews and Jack Stubbs. Those two fellows are not up to the mark, and I will tell you the reason why."

"Thank you, Doctor," said Billy. "I should like to know. They are big fellows and look strong, but somehow or other they cannot keep the other team from breaking through our line."

"Well," said the Doctor, "those boys are two years older than the rest of you, and they ought to be in the eighth grade by this time. I have watched them for three years. They are cigarette smokers, and the nicotine in cigarettes has poisoned them. It interferes with their lungs. That is why they are short-winded. It irritates their nerves, and that is why they are so unsteady. Besides, it weakens their hearts, and, because of all this, they lack endurance. Haven't you noticed that their strength does not hold out to the end of the game? I have cautioned them several times, but it doesn't seem to have done them any good. My advice to you is to put them off the team, and the quicker you do it, the better it will be for them, for you, and for the eleven. Your line is like a chain, which is no stronger than its weakest link. Both of those lads are weak, and you will lose the

game if you allow them to play. Take my advice, my boy, and you will win, and I will be on hand to cheer for you."

Billy was only thirteen years old, but he was a wise lad for his age. He thanked the Doctor again, and told him that he certainly would think the matter over, and would try to decide what was the best thing to do; and, taking off his hat politely, he walked home in a sober mood, wondering what ought to be done under the circumstances, for he had great faith in the old Doctor.

Now Billy himself had noticed this weakness in Dick and Jack to which the Doctor had referred, but, of course, he did not know just what caused it. These boys knew the game well, having played football ever since they were in the fifth grade. This is why Billy kept them on the team. However, there were two other boys on the second team who were much stronger than they, although not quite so familiar with the game. Billy thought that, probably, with a little special coaching, they might prove in the end to be better players than

the older, but weaker, lads, so he decided to make the change on the following day.

However, before doing so, he took the two boys whom he had chosen, and placed them on the opposing team, lining them up against Dick and Jack. He found, toward the close of the game, that they were out-playing the cigarette smokers in every point, and were making wide gaps in the line of the regular team. Billy made up his mind that the Doctor was right, and he put the two former players off the team and substituted for them the two lads who had shown their superior strength and skill.

At last the day of the championship game dawned. It was a beautiful day, and nearly everybody in Stamford was expecting an exciting time. Aunt Bess had left New York the day before to wave the flag of the sixth grade. Billy's brother and sister, Betty and Ben, and Kitty Howard, had arranged to sit with her, and to cheer for Billy's team.

At half-past two, Captain Ned Thompson, of the seventh grade, led his team out

on the field. Immediately all of their friends set up a tremendous shout. Then came Billy with his team, and it seemed as though the cheer that went up would shake the very skies. Billy was cool, as usual, and, after a little general practice, the two teams lined up for the kick-off. The seventh-grade team had the ball, and it was not long before it was punted far down the field. Billy, who played back of the line, secured the ball and carried it forward to center. Then the battle began in real earnest, and each team worked heroically until the close of the first half of the game. Neither side scored, and the figures, 0-0, told the story of a royal battle. In fifteen minutes both teams returned to the field. There was the usual cheering as each boy took his position. Dr. Wright looked through his field glasses. He saw a look of determination on Billy's face. His jaws were firmly set, and his eyes were fixed on the ball. He had resolved to win, and he meant to play hard and to have his team play hard.

For twenty minutes the ball passed back

and forth between the two teams. Neither side seemed to be able to get the advantage of the other, but Billy's keen eyes had been watching the boy who played left tackle on the line of the opposing team. For ten minutes this boy seemed to have been gradually weakening. Billy told his quarter back to batter away at that part of the line. He himself was the strongest line plunger on the team. Three times he hurled himself against left tackle, but without success. Then for five minutes his team tried other plays, but with very little avail. It seemed almost impossible to gain ground against the enemy. Finally, the quarter back gave the signal: 5-7-2-3-1. It was the signal for Billy to buck the line again. The ball was quickly passed to him, and this time he hurled himself with such force against left tackle that the line gave way. In an instant he was flying down the field with a half-dozen players after him. He passed both half backs, dodging one and shaking off the other, but it seemed impossible for him to escape the full back. However, by clever dodging, he managed to do so, but

found Ned Thompson at his heels, as he was running with all his might toward the goal line. He had reached the five-yard line when Ned tackled him. Both boys fell, but Billy, who was exceedingly quick in all his movements, succeeded in freeing himself from Ned's grip, and was on his feet again hurrying down the field. When he was within three feet of the goal line, two boys threw themselves on him and tried to bear him to the ground. Billy struggled forward, however, carrying his opponents on his back. In a moment, the ball was behind the goal line, and the friends of Billy's team were frantic with delight. They rose to their feet, shouting and cheering. Ben blew his horn until it seemed as if his cheeks would burst. Betty and Kitty were jumping up and down, wild with joy. Aunt Bess waved her flag to and fro so violently that she almost jammed its spear point into Dr. Wright's eye, and the dear old Doctor himself in enthusiasm tossed his hat high into the air. The sixth-grade boys and girls could hardly restrain themselves from run-

ning on the field to shake Billy's hand. He was the hero of the hour.

This really decided the game, for, after that, Captain Ned's team was unable to advance the ball beyond the opposing team's thirty-yard line. After the game, Billy congratulated Ned on the good work of his team and called for a rousing cheer in honor of boys who knew how to accept defeat as well as victory.

As Billy walked from the field, he felt that his team did not deserve all the credit for the victory. They had played a strong game and their Captain had shown much wisdom in directing them, but Billy felt that there was another reason why they were successful. He had shown wisdom enough to follow Dr. Wright's advice. He had put Dick Andrews and Jack Stubbs off the team because he believed what the Doctor had said, and when the kind old physician came up to congratulate him on his victory, Billy grasped his hand firmly and thanked him with all his heart.

"That is all right, Billy," said the Doctor, "the credit belongs to you. The cigarette

boys would surely have caused you to lose the game, if you had not had sense enough to put them off the team."

FIND A WAY, OR MAKE IT

It was a noble Roman,
In Rome's imperial day,
Who heard a coward croaker,
Before the Castle say :
"They're safe in such a fortress ;
There is no way to shake it ! "
"On — on," exclaimed the hero,
"I'll find a way, or make it ! "

Is Fame your aspiration ?
Her path is steep and high ;
In vain he seeks her temple,
Who's content to gaze and sigh ;
The shining throne is waiting,
But he alone can take it
Who says, with Roman firmness,
"I'll find a way, or make it ! "

Is Learning your ambition ?
There is no royal road ;

Alike the peer and peasant
Must climb to her abode ;
Who feels the thirst of knowledge,
In Helicon may slake it
If he has still the Roman will
"To find a way, or make it!"

Selected.

LOUIS PASTEUR

ONE would think, to read the old stories, that the worst enemies to fight are giants ; but we know now that the worst enemies are germs. They are so small that only a strong microscope can make them visible, but for that reason they are securely hidden, and are able to poison people without being discovered. Now, at last, they are being found out, and the doctors are fighting them. The first great attack was made in France by Louis Pasteur.

The grapes in France were sick. Something seemed to be the matter with all the vineyards. Almost all the wine one year turned sour. Pasteur examined the disease. He discovered that what we call "turning sour," whether in wine or in milk, is caused

by the growth of millions of microscopic germs, and this growth is hastened or hindered by certain conditions. That was the beginning of great changes in medicine. For Pasteur said, "If germs make such disturbance in milk and in wine, why not in the blood that is in the veins?" And so it proved. There was a plague among the French cattle, and Pasteur examined the blood of these animals, and found the germs. Then there was an increase in the number of sufferers from the bites of mad dogs, and Pasteur found that there were germs in the blood of those who were thus bitten.

The next thing was to discover how to fight the germs. They had been discovered in their ambush, but what could be done with them? Pasteur found that germs could be cultivated, as a gardener cultivates plants. Then he found that by cultivating them in certain ways their strength could be diminished, and that if they were introduced in this weakened state into the blood, they began at once to fight the germs that were there already. Pasteur set the germs to fight the germs.

The result was that a number of ancient diseases that nobody had ever understood were now opposed by an effective medicine. And this method is being applied in new directions. The germs that cause various diseases are being discovered, and the weakened germs are made to war against them. Pasteur's discoveries have probably saved more lives than the prescriptions of all the other doctors in France. But these discoveries he made by perceiving that some of the least things in life are the most important. He studied these with long patience. "Work," he said, "work always." Thus he gained his great results.

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

I

HAMELIN town's in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover city;
The river Weser, deep and wide,
Washes its walls on the southern side;
A pleasanter spot you never spied;
But, when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,

*To see the townsfolk suffer so
From vermin, was a pity.*

II

Rats!

They fought the dogs and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cooks' own
ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

III

At last the people in a body
To the Town Hall came flocking:
" 'Tis clear," cried they, "our Mayor's a
noddy;
And as for our Corporation — shocking
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
For dolts that can't or won't determine
What's best to rid us of our vermin!
You hope, because you're old and obese.

To find in the furry civic robe ease?
Rouse up, sirs! Give your brains a racking
To find the remedy we're lacking,
Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing!"
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

IV

An hour they sate in council;
At length the Mayor broke silence:
"For a guilder I'd my ermine gown sell,
I wish I were a mile hence!
It's easy to bid one rack one's brain —
I'm sure my poor head aches again,
I've scratched it so, and all in vain.
Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap!"
Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber door but a gentle tap?
"Bless us!" cried the Mayor, "what's that?"
(With the Corporation as he sat,
Looking little though wondrous fat;
Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister
Than a too-long-opened oyster,
Save when at noon his paunch grew muti-
nous
For a plate of turtle green and glutinous)

"Only a scraping of shoes on the mat?
Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!"

V

"Come in!" — the Mayor cried, looking
bigger:

And in did come the strangest figure!
His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red,
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in;
There was no guessing his kith and kin:
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire.
Quoth one: "It's as if my great-grandsire,
Starting up at the Trump of Doom's tone,
Had walked this way from his painted
tombstone!"

VI

He advanced to the council table:
And, "Please your honors," said he, "I'm
able,

By means of a secret charm, to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep or swim or fly or run,
After me so as you never saw!
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm,
The mole and toad and newt and viper;
And people call me the Pied Piper."
(And here they noticed round his neck
A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
To match with his coat of the self-same
cheque;
And at the scarf's end hung a pipe;
And his fingers, they noticed, were ever
straying
As if impatient to be playing
Upon his pipe, as low it dangled
Over his vesture so old-fangled.)
"Yet," said he, "poor piper as I am,
In Tartary I freed the Cham,
Last June, from his huge swarms of gnats;
I eased in Asia the Nizam
Of a monstrous brood of vampire bats:
And as for what your brain bewilders,
If I can rid your town of rats
Will you give me a thousand guilders?"

“One? fifty thousand!” — was the exclamation

Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

VII

Into the street the Piper stept,
Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while;
Then, like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,
Like a candle flame where salt is sprinkled;
And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered;
And the muttering grew to a grumbling;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling;
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling.
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,



"And step for step they followed dancing."

THE GOLDEN KEY BOOK

Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives —
Followed the Piper for their lives.
From street to street he piped advancing,
And step for step they followed dancing,
Until they came to the river Weser,
Wherein all plunged and perished !
— Save one who, stout as Julius Cæsar,
Swam across and lived to carry
(As he, the manuscript he cherished)
To Rat-land home his commentary :
Which was, “ At the first shrill note of the
pipe,
I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
Into a cider press’s gripe :
And a moving away of pickle-tub-boards,
And a leaving ajar of conserve-cupboards,
And a drawing the corks of train-oil-flasks,
And a breaking the hoops of butter-casks :
And it seemed as if a voice
(Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery
Is breathed) called out, ‘ Oh rats, rejoice !
The world is grown to one vast drysaltery !
So munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,
Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon ! ’

And just as a bulky sugar-puncheon,
All ready staved, like a great sun shone
Glorious scarce an inch before me,
Just as methought it said, 'Come, bore me !'
— I found the Weser rolling o'er me."

VIII

You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple.
"Go," cried the Mayor, "and get long poles,
Poke out the nests and block up the holes !
Consult with carpenters and builders,
And leave in our town not even a trace
Of the rats !" — when suddenly, up the face
Of the Piper perked in the market place,
With a, "First, if you please, my thousand
guilders !"

IX

A thousand guilders ! The Mayor looked
blue ;
So did the Corporation too.
For council dinners made rare havoc
With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock ;
And half the money would replenish
Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish.

To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
With a gypsy coat of red and yellow !
“ Beside,” quoth the Mayor with a knowing
wink,
“ Our business was done at the river’s brink ;
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
And what’s dead can’t come to life, I think.
So, friend, we’re not the folks to shrink
From the duty of giving you something for
drink,
And a matter of money to put in your poke ;
But as for the guilders, what we spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.
Beside, our losses have made us thrifty.
A thousand guilders ! come, take fifty ! ”

X

The Piper’s face fell, and he cried :
“ No trifling ! I can’t wait, beside !
I’ve promised to visit by dinner time
Bagdad, and accept the prime
Of the Head Cook’s pottage, all he’s rich in,
For having left, in the Caliph’s kitchen,
Of a nest of scorpions no survivor :
With him I proved no bargain-driver,
With you, don’t think I’ll bate a stiver !

And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe after another fashion."

XI

"How?" cried the Mayor, "d'ye think I
brook

Being worse treated than a Cook?

Insulted by a lazy ribald

With idle pipe and vesture piebald?

You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst,

Blow your pipe there till you burst!"

XII

Once more he stept into the street,

And to his lips again

Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane;

And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
Soft notes as yet musician's cunning

Never gave the enraptured air)

There was a rustling that seemed like a
bustling

Of merry crowds justling at pitching and
hustling;

Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes
clattering,

Little hands clapping and little tongues chat-
tering,



"All the little boys and girls . . . ran merrily after the wonderful music."

And, like fowls in a farmyard when barley
is scattering,
Out came the children running.
And all the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and
laughter.

XIII

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children merrily skipping by,
— Could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.
But how the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,
As the piper turned from the High Street
To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters !
However, he turned from South to West,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
And after him the children pressed ;
Great was the joy in every breast.

“ He never can cross that mighty top !

He’s forced to let the piping drop,

And we shall see our children stop ! ”

When, lo, as they reached the mountain side,

A wondrous portal opened wide,

As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed ;

And the Piper advanced and the children
followed,

And when all were in to the very last,

The door in the mountain side shut fast.

Did I say, all ? No ! One was lame,

And could not dance the whole of the way ;

And in after years, if you would blame

His sadness, he was used to say, —

“ It’s dull in our town since my playmates
left !

I can’t forget that I’m bereft

Of all the pleasant sights they see,

Which the Piper also promised me.

For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,

Joining the town and just at hand,

Where waters gushed and fruit trees grew

And flowers put forth a fairer hue,

And everything was strange and new ;

The sparrows were brighter than peacocks
here,

And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
And honeybees had lost their stings,
And horses were born with eagles' wings :
And just as I became assured
My lame foot would be speedily cured,
The music stopped and I stood still,
And found myself outside the hill,
Left alone against my will,
To go now limping as before,
And never hear of that country more ! ”

XIV

Alas, alas for Hamelin !

There came into many a burgher's pate
A text which says that Heaven's gate
Opes to the rich at as easy rate
As the needle's eye takes a camel in !
The Mayor sent East, West, North, and South,
To offer the Piper, by word of mouth,
Wherever it was man's lot to find him,
Silver and gold to his heart's content,
If he'd only return the way he went,
And bring the children behind him.
But when they saw 'twas a lost endeavor,
And Piper and dancers were gone forever,
They made a decree that lawyers never

Should think their records dated duly
If, after the day of the month and year,
These words did not as well appear,
“ And so long after what happened here

On the Twenty-second of July,
Thirteen hundred and seventy-six : ”
And the better in memory to fix
The place of the children’s last retreat,
They called it, the Pied Piper’s Street —
Where any one playing on pipe or tabor
Was sure for the future to lose his labor.
Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern

To shock with mirth a street so solemn ;
But opposite the place of the cavern

They wrote the story on a column,
And on the great church window painted
The same, to make the world acquainted
How their children were stolen away,
And there it stands to this very day.
And I must not omit to say
That in Transylvania there’s a tribe
Of alien people who ascribe
The outlandish ways and dress
On which their neighbors lay such stress,
To their fathers and mothers having risen
Out of some subterraneous prison

Into which they were trepanned
Long time ago in a mighty band
Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,
But how or why, they don't understand.

XV

So, Willy, let you and me be wipers
Of scores out with all men — especially pip-
ers!
And, whether they pipe us free from rats or
from mice,
If we've promised them aught, let us keep
our promise!

ROBERT BROWNING.

LITTLE DAFFYDOWNDILLY

DAFFYDOWNDILLY was so called because in his nature he resembled a flower, and loved to do only what was beautiful and agreeable, and took no delight in labor of any kind. But, while Daffydowndilly was yet a little boy, his mother sent him away from his pleasant home, and put him under the care of a very strict schoolmaster, who went by the name of Mr. Toil. Those who knew him

best affirmed that this Mr. Toil was a very worthy character; and that he had done more good, both to children and grown people, than anybody else in the world. Certainly he had lived long enough to do a great deal of good; for, if all stories be true, he had dwelt upon earth ever since Adam was driven from the garden of Eden.

Nevertheless, Mr. Toil had a severe and an ugly countenance, especially for such little boys or big men as were inclined to be idle; his voice, too, was harsh; and all his ways and customs seemed very disagreeable to our friend Daffydowndilly. The whole day long, this terrible old schoolmaster sat at his desk overlooking the scholars, or stalked about the schoolroom with a certain awful birch rod in his hand. Now came a rap over the shoulders of a boy whom Mr. Toil had caught at play; now he punished a whole class who were behindhand with their lessons; and, in short, unless a lad chose to attend quietly and constantly to his book, he had no chance of enjoying a quiet moment in the schoolroom of Mr. Toil.

"This will never do for me," thought Daffydowndilly.

Now, the whole of Daffydowndilly's life had hitherto been passed with his dear mother, who had a much sweeter face than old Mr. Toil; and who had always been very indulgent to her little boy. No wonder, therefore, that poor Daffydowndilly found it a woeful change, to be sent away from the good lady's side, and put under the care of this ugly-visaged schoolmaster, who never gave him apples or cakes, and seemed to think that little boys were created only to get lessons.

"I can't bear it any longer," said Daffydowndilly to himself, when he had been at school about a week. "I'll run away, and try to find my dear mother; and, at any rate, I shall never find anybody half so disagreeable as this old Mr. Toil!"

So, the very next morning, off started poor Daffydowndilly, and began his rambles about the world, with only some bread and cheese for his breakfast, and very little pocket money to pay his expenses. But he had gone only a short distance, when he

overtook a man of grave and sedate appearance, who was trudging at a moderate pace along the road.

“Good morning, my fine lad,” said the stranger; and his voice seemed hard and severe, but yet had a sort of kindness in it; “whence do you come so early, and whither are you going?”

Little Daffydowndilly was a boy of very ingenuous disposition, and had never been known to tell a lie in all his life. Nor did he tell one now. He hesitated a moment or two, but finally confessed that he had run away from school on account of his great dislike to Mr. Toil; and that he was resolved to find some place in the world where he should never see nor hear of the old schoolmaster again.

“Oh, very well, my little friend!” answered the stranger. “Then we will go together; for I, likewise, have had a good deal to do with Mr. Toil, and should be glad to find some place where he was never heard of.”

Our friend Daffydowndilly would have been better pleased with a companion of

his own age, with whom he might have gathered flowers along the roadside, or have chased butterflies, or have done many other things to make the journey pleasant. But he had wisdom enough to understand that he should get along through the world much easier by having a man of experience to show him the way. So he accepted the stranger's proposal, and they walked on very sociably together.

They had not gone far, when the road passed by a field where some haymakers were at work, mowing down the tall grass, and spreading it out in the sun to dry. Daffydowndilly was delighted with the sweet smell of the new-mown grass, and thought how much pleasanter it must be to make hay in the sunshine, under the blue sky, and with the birds singing sweetly in the neighboring trees and bushes, than to be shut up in a dismal schoolroom, learning lessons all day long, and continually scolded by old Mr. Toil. But, in the midst of these thoughts, while he was stopping to peep over the stone wall, he started back and caught hold of his companion's hand.

"Quick, quick!" cried he. "Let us run away, or he will catch us!"

"Who will catch us?" asked the stranger.

"Mr. Toil, the old schoolmaster!" answered Daffydowndilly. "Don't you see him amongst the haymakers?"

And Daffydowndilly pointed to an elderly man, who seemed to be the owner of the field, and the employer of the men at work there. He had stripped off his coat and waistcoat, and was busily at work in his shirtsleeves. The drops of sweat stood upon his brow, but he gave himself not a moment's rest, and kept crying out to the haymakers to make hay while the sun shone. Now, strange to say, the figure and features of this old farmer were precisely the same as those of old Mr. Toil, who, at that very moment, must have been just entering his schoolroom.

"Don't be afraid," said the stranger. "This is not Mr. Toil the schoolmaster, but a brother of his, who was bred a farmer; and people say he is the more disagreeable man of the two. However, he won't trouble you, unless you become a laborer on the farm."

Little Daffydowndilly believed what his companion said, but was very glad, nevertheless, when they were out of sight of the old farmer, who bore such a singular resemblance to Mr. Toil. The two travelers had gone but little farther, when they came to a spot where some carpenters were erecting a house. Daffydowndilly begged his companion to stop a moment; for it was a very pretty sight to see how neatly the carpenters did their work, with their broad-axes, and saws, and planes, and hammers, shaping out the doors, and putting in the window sashes, and nailing on the clapboards; and he could not help thinking that he should like to take a broadax, a saw, a plane, and a hammer, and build a little house for himself. And then, when he should have a house of his own, old Mr. Toil would never dare to molest him.

But, just while he was delighting himself with this idea, little Daffydowndilly beheld something that made him catch hold of his companion's hand, all in a fright.

"Make haste. Quick, quick!" cried he.
"There he is again!"

"Who?" asked the stranger, very quietly.

"Old Mr. Toil," said Daffydowndilly, trembling. "There! he that is overseeing the carpenters. 'Tis my old schoolmaster, as sure as I'm alive!"

The stranger cast his eyes where Daffydowndilly pointed his finger; and he saw an elderly man, with a carpenter's rule and compasses in his hand. This person went to and fro about the unfinished house, measuring pieces of timber, and marking out the work that was to be done, and continually exhorting the other carpenters to be diligent. And wherever he turned his hard and wrinkled visage, the men seemed to feel that they had a taskmaster over them, and sawed, and hammered, and planed, as if for dear life.

"Oh, no! this is not Mr. Toil the schoolmaster," said the stranger. "It is another brother of his, who follows the trade of carpenter."

"I am very glad to hear it," quoth Daffydowndilly, "but if you please, sir, I should like to get out of his way as soon as possible."

Then they went on a little farther, and soon heard the sound of a drum and fife. Daffydowndilly pricked up his ears at this, and besought his companions to hurry forward, that they might not miss seeing the soldiers. Accordingly, they made what haste they could, and soon met a company of soldiers, gayly dressed, with beautiful feathers in their caps, and bright muskets on their shoulders. In front marched two drummers and two fifers, beating on their drums and playing on their fifes with might and main, and making such lively music that little Daffydowndilly would gladly have followed them to the end of the world. And if he was only a soldier, then, he said to himself, old Mr. Toil would never venture to look him in the face.

“Quick step! Forward march!” shouted a gruff voice.

Little Daffydowndilly started, in great dismay; for this voice which had spoken to the soldiers sounded precisely the same as that which he had heard every day in Mr. Toil’s schoolroom, out of Mr. Toil’s own mouth. And, turning his eyes to the cap-

tain of the company, what should he see but the very image of old Mr. Toil himself, with a smart cap and feather on his head, a pair of gold epaulets on his shoulders, a laced coat on his back, a purple sash round his waist, and a long sword, instead of a birch rod, in his hand. And though he held his head so high, and strutted like a turkey cock, still he looked quite as ugly and disagreeable as when he was hearing lessons in the schoolroom.

"This is certainly old Mr. Toil," said Daffydowndilly, in a trembling voice. "Let us run away, for fear he should make us enlist in his company!"

"You are mistaken again, my little friend," replied the stranger, very composedly. "This is not Mr. Toil the schoolmaster, but a brother of his who has served in the army all his life. People say he's a terribly severe fellow; but you and I need not be afraid of him."

"Well, well," said little Daffydowndilly, "but, if you please, sir, I don't want to see the soldiers any more."

So the child and the stranger resumed

their journey; and, by and by, they came to a house by the roadside, where a number of people were making merry. Young men and rosy-cheeked girls, with smiles on their faces, were dancing to the sound of a fiddle. It was the pleasantest sight that Daffydowndilly had yet met with, and it comforted him for all his disappointments.

"Oh, let us stop here," cried he to his companion; "for Mr. Toil will never dare to show his face where there is a fiddler, and where people are dancing and making merry. We shall be quite safe here!"

But these last words died away upon Daffydowndilly's tongue; for, happening to cast his eyes on the fiddler, whom should he behold again, but the likeness of Mr. Toil, holding a fiddle bow instead of a birch rod, and flourishing it with as much ease and dexterity as if he had been a fiddler all his life! He had somewhat the air of a Frenchman, but still looked exactly like the old schoolmaster; and Daffydowndilly even fancied that he

nodded and winked at him, and made signs for him to join in the dance.

"Oh, dear me!" whispered he, turning pale. "It seems as if there was nobody but Mr. Toil in the world. Who could have thought of his playing on a fiddle!"

"This is not your old schoolmaster," observed the stranger, "but another brother of his, who was bred in France, where he learned the profession of a fiddler. He is ashamed of his family, and generally calls himself Monsieur le Plaisir; but his real name is Toil, and those who have known him best think him still more disagreeable than his brothers."

"Pray let us go a little farther," said Daffydowndilly. "I don't like the looks of this fiddler at all."

Well, thus the stranger and little Daffydowndilly went wandering along the highway, and in shady lanes, and through pleasant villages; and whithersoever they went, behold! there was the image of old Mr. Toil. He stood like a scarecrow in the cornfields. If they entered a house, he sat in the parlor; if they peeped into the

kitchen, he was there. He made himself at home in every cottage, and stole, under one disguise or another, into the most splendid mansions. Everywhere there was sure to be somebody wearing the likeness of Mr. Toil, and who, as the stranger affirmed, was one of the old schoolmaster's innumerable brethren.

Little Daffydowndilly was almost tired to death, when he perceived some people reclining lazily in a shady place, by the side of the road. The poor child entreated his companion that they might sit down there, and take some repose.

"Old Mr. Toil will never come here," said he; "for he hates to see people taking their ease."

But, even while he spoke, Daffydowndilly's eyes fell upon a person who seemed the laziest, and heaviest, and most torpid of all those lazy and heavy and torpid people who had lain down to sleep in the shade. Who should it be, again, but the very image of Mr. Toil!

"There is a large family of these Toils," remarked the stranger. "This is another of

the old schoolmaster's brothers, who was bred in Italy, where he acquired very idle habits, and goes by the name of Signor Far Niente. He pretends to lead an easy life, but is really the most miserable fellow in the family."

"Oh, take me back! take me back!" cried poor little Daffydowndilly, bursting into tears. "If there is nothing but Toil all the world over, I may just as well go back to the schoolhouse!"

"Yonder it is,—there is the schoolhouse!" said the stranger; for though he and little Daffydowndilly had taken a great many steps, they had traveled in a circle, instead of a straight line. "Come; we will go back to school together."

There was something in his companion's voice that little Daffydowndilly now remembered, and it is strange that he had not remembered it sooner. Looking up into his face, behold! there again was the likeness of old Mr. Toil; so that the poor child had been in company with Toil all day, even while he was doing his best to run away from him. Some people, to whom I

have told little Daffydowndilly's story, are of opinion that old Mr. Toil was a magician, and possessed the power of multiplying himself into as many shapes as he saw fit.

Be this as it may, little Daffydowndilly had learned a good lesson, and from that time forward was diligent at his task, because he knew that diligence is not a whit more toilsome than sport or idleness. And when he became better acquainted with Mr. Toil, he began to think that his ways were not so very disagreeable, and that the old schoolmaster's smile of approbation made his face almost as pleasant as even that of Daffydowndilly's mother.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

PRASCOVIA

PRASCOVIA was the daughter of a captain in the Russian army, who, for some unknown reason, had been exiled for life to Siberia. The Russian government, being despotic, is naturally inclined to be suspicious, and it has long been the custom to send off persons supposed to be dangerous

to the state, to live in the intensely cold and remote district of Siberia. This exile means not only absence from home and friends, but the utmost poverty in a climate of frightful severity, with a winter lasting nine months, and the sun unseen for many weeks of that time.

Captain Lopouloff, little Prascovia's father, was accompanied by his wife and daughter, and as the little girl grew older, she not only helped her mother in the household duties, but gained employment in the village, going out to assist in the late and scanty rye harvest, and obtaining a small bundle of the rye as her wages. She was very happy, even in this wild, dreary home, amid all the deep snows, iron frosts, and long darkness, until she was nearly fifteen, when she began to understand how wretched her father was in his banishment, and his wretchedness made her unhappy, too.

He had sent a petition to the Governor of Siberia, in the charge of an officer, who had promised to represent his case strongly, and the watching for the answer, and the continued disappointment when no answer

came, rendered him so restless that he no longer tried to put on a cheerful countenance before his daughter, but openly lamented his hard fate, in seeing her grow up untaught, working with her hands like the meanest serf.

His despair awoke Prascovia from her childish enjoyments. One day it darted into her mind like a flash of lightning that she might go to Petersburg and obtain his pardon. Long did she dwell upon the thought, going alone among the pine trees to dream over it. It was hard to gain her parents' permission, for they thought that she could not possibly carry out her plans, and her father said that nothing should induce him to let a girl of eighteen depart alone on such a journey.

Another difficulty was, that without a passport she would be immediately sent back, and so many petitions from her father had been disregarded, that there was little chance that any paper sent by him to the government would be attended to. However, she found one of their fellow exiles who drew up a request in due form for a

passport for her, and after six months more of waiting the answer arrived. She was not herself a prisoner, she could leave Siberia whenever she pleased, and the passport was inclosed for her. Now that her parents' consent was given, she had nothing more to wait for, and the 8th of September was fixed for her day of departure.

At dawn she was dressed, with a little bag over her shoulder. Her father tried to make her take the whole family store of wealth, one silver rouble, though, as she truly said, this was not enough to take her to Petersburg, and might do some good at home. She took it at last, however, but only to please them. Two of the poorest of the exiles tried to force on her all the money they had — thirty copper kopeks and a silver twenty-kopek piece; and though she refused these, she affectionately promised that the kind givers should share in any favor she should obtain.

She was very tired in the first days of her journey, and the sense of terror at her loneliness was almost too much for her. She often lost her way; and when she asked the

road to Petersburg, she was only laughed at. For weeks she toiled on through great stretches of silent forest. Her strength was failing. She had been robbed of her money, and winter began to come on. An eight-days snowstorm forced her to stop until it was over; but when she wanted to set off again, the peasants declared that to travel on foot alone in the snow would be certain death even to the strongest men, for the wind raises the drifts, and makes the way undistinguishable, and they detained her until the arrival of a convoy of sledges.

The drivers, on learning her story, offered her a seat in a sledge, but her garments were not adapted for winter traveling, and though they covered her with one of the wrappers of their goods, on the fourth day, when they arrived at the solitary posting-station, the intense cold had so affected her that she was obliged to be lifted from the sledge, with one cheek frost-bitten. After that, one of the drivers wrapped her in his own sheepskin coat and the others shared theirs in turn with him that he might not freeze. Every mile there was a shifting of

sheepskins, and there was much merriment over the changes, while all the way, you may be sure, Prascovia prayed that these kind men's health might suffer no injury from the cold to which they thus exposed themselves.

In spite of their care, Prascovia was so worn out after a few weeks of this traveling that she was obliged to stay with a kind woman whose care kept her alive during the winter. Toward spring she recovered, though so slowly that all the summer passed by before she could continue her journey, and then she was too weak for rough post-ing vehicles, and could only wait for the roads to be fit for sledges.

Helped by gifts of money, she set off again, and finally reached St. Petersburg, but even then her troubles were not over. She must present her petition to a senator, and day after day, for a whole fortnight, did this poor girl stand on the steps of the Senate house, holding out her petition to every one whom she fancied to be a senator, and being sometimes roughly spoken to, sometimes waved aside, sometimes offered

a small coin as a beggar, but never attended to.

Such steadfastness and devotion, however, could not go unrewarded, and at last, after telling her story to many people, some one, kinder of heart than the others, arranged a meeting for her with the Empress-mother. The Empress Mary was a noble woman of the simplest manners. She received Prascovia in her private room, and listened most kindly to her story; then she praised her devotion and filial love, and promised to speak in her behalf to the Emperor—giving her three hundred roubles for her present needs. Prascovia was so much overcome by her goodness, that she could only weep for gladness whenever she recalled it.

Two days after, the Empress-mother herself took her to a private audience of the Emperor and his wife, the Empress Elizabeth. Prascovia was most graciously received, and she came away with the promise that her father's trial should be at once revised.

And now all the persons who had scarcely

attended to Prascovia vied with each other in making much of her; they admired her face, found that she had the stamp of high birth, and invited her to their drawing rooms. She was as quiet and unmoved as ever; she never thought of herself, nor of the effect she produced, but went on in her simplicity, enjoying all that was kindly meant. Two ladies took her to see the state apartments of the Imperial palace. When they pointed to the throne, she stopped short, exclaiming: "Is that the throne? Then that is what I dreaded so much in Siberia!" And as all her past hopes and fears, her dangers and terrors, rushed on her, she clasped her hands, and exclaiming, "The Emperor's throne!" she almost fainted. Then she begged leave to draw near, and, kneeling down, she kissed the steps, of which she had so often dreamt as the goal of her labors.

She did not forget the two fellow exiles who had been so kind to her; she mentioned them to every one, but was always advised not to encumber her suit for her father by mentioning them. However,

when, after some delay, she received notice that a ukase had been issued for her father's pardon, and was further told that his Majesty wished to know if she had anything to ask for herself, she replied that he would overwhelm her with his favors if he would extend the same mercy that he had granted to her father to these two poor old banished gentlemen ; and the Emperor, struck by this absence of all selfishness, readily pardoned them for their offense.

Of course, after this, she went back to release her parents, but, aided by the Emperor, her return journey was very easy, and one can imagine what happiness it gave her to see them once more and to tell them of their freedom.

CHARLOTTE M. YONGE. *Adapted.*

THE SPARROW

A LITTLE bird, with plumage brown,
Beside my window flutters down,
A moment chirps its little strain,
Then taps upon my windowpane,
And chirps again, and hops along,
To call my notice to its song ;

But I work on, nor heed its lay,
Till, in neglect, it flies away.

So birds of peace and hope and love
Come fluttering earthward from above,
To settle on life's window sills,
And ease our load of earthly ills;
But we, in traffic's rush and din
Too deep engaged to let them in,
With deadened heart and sense plod on,
Nor know our loss till they are gone.

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR.

SAMUEL JOHNSON

I

"SAM," said Mr. Michael Johnson, of Lichfield, one morning, "I am very feeble and ailing to-day. You must go to Uttoxeter in my stead, and tend the bookstall in the market place there."

This was spoken above a hundred years ago by an elderly man, who had once been a thriving bookseller at Lichfield, in England. Being now in reduced circumstances, he was forced to go every mar-

ket day and sell books at a stall, in the neighboring village of Uttoxeter.

His son, to whom Mr. Johnson spoke, was a great boy, of very singular aspect. He had an intelligent face, but it was seamed and distorted by a scrofulous humor, which affected his eyes so badly that sometimes he was almost blind. Owing to the same cause, his head would often shake with a tremulous motion. When Sam was an infant, the famous Queen Anne had tried to cure him of this disease by laying her royal hands upon his head. But though the touch of the king or queen was supposed to be a certain remedy for scrofula, it produced no good effect upon Sam Johnson.

At the time of which we speak the poor lad was not very well dressed, and wore shoes from which his toes peeped out. But, poor as the family were, Sam Johnson had as much pride as any nobleman's son in England. The fact was, he felt conscious of uncommon sense and ability, which, in his own opinion, entitled him to great respect from the world. Perhaps he would have been glad if grown people had

treated him as reverentially as his school fellows did. Three of them were accustomed to come for him every morning; and while he sat upon the back of one, the two others supported him on each side; and thus he rode to school in triumph.

Being a personage of so much importance, Sam could not bear the idea of standing all day in Uttoxeter offering books to the rude and ignorant country people. Doubtless he felt more reluctant on account of his shabby clothes.

When Mr. Michael Johnson spoke, Sam pouted and made an indistinct grumbling in his throat; then he looked his old father in the face, and answered him loudly and deliberately.

"Sir," said he, "I will not go to Uttoxeter Market!"

Mr. Johnson had seen a great deal of the lad's obstinacy ever since his birth. But he was now too feeble and too much out of spirits to contend with this stubborn and violent-tempered boy. He therefore gave up the point at once, and prepared to go to Uttoxeter himself.

"Well, Sam," said Mr. Johnson, as he took his hat and staff, "if for the sake of your foolish pride you can suffer your poor sick father to stand all day in the noise and confusion of the market when he ought to be in his bed, I have no more to say."

Sam looked after Mr. Johnson with a sullen countenance till he was out of sight. But when the old man's figure, as he went stooping along the street, was no more to be seen, the boy's heart began to smite him. He had a vivid imagination, and it tormented him with the image of his father standing in the market place of Uttoxeter and offering his books to the noisy crowd around him. And if he should sell a book it would cost him an hour's talk to get a profit of only sixpence.

"My poor father!" thought Sam to himself. "How his head will ache! and how heavy his heart will be! I am almost sorry that I did not do as he bade me."

Then the boy went to his mother, who was busy about the house. She did not know of what had passed between Mr. Johnson and Sam.

"Mother," said he, "did you think father seemed very ill to-day?"

"Yes, Sam," answered his mother, turning with a flushed face from the fire where she was cooking their scanty dinner. "Your father did look very ill; and it is a pity he did not send you to Uttoxeter in his stead. You are a great boy now, and would rejoice, I am sure, to do something for your poor father, who has done so much for you."

The lad made no reply. But again his imagination set to work and conjured up another picture of poor Michael Johnson. He was standing in the hot sunshine of the market place, and looking so weary, sick, and disconsolate that the eyes of all the crowd were drawn to him. "Had this old man no son," the people would say among themselves, "who might have taken his place at the bookstall while the father kept his bed?"

"Oh, I have been a cruel son!" thought he within his own heart. "God forgive me! God forgive me!"

After sunset old Michael Johnson came slowly home and sat down in his customary

chair. He said nothing to Sam; nor do I know that a single word ever passed between them on the subject of the son's disobedience. In a few years his father died, and left Sam to fight his way through the world by himself. It would make our story much too long were I to tell you even a few of the remarkable events of Sam's life. Moreover, there is the less need of this, because many books have been written about that poor boy, and the fame that he acquired, and all that he did after he came to be a man.

But one thing I must not neglect to say. From his boyhood upward until the latest day of his life, he never forgot the story of Uttoxeter market. Often when he was a scholar of the University of Oxford, or master of an academy at Edial, or a writer for the London booksellers,—in all his poverty and toil and in all his success,—while he was walking the streets without a shilling to buy food, or when the greatest men of England were proud to feast him at their table, still that heavy and remorseful thought came back to him, "I was cruel to

my poor father in his illness!" Many and many a time, awake or in his dreams, he seemed to see old Michael Johnson standing in the dust and confusion of the market place, and pressing his withered hand to his forehead as if it ached.

II

Fifty years had passed away since young Sam Johnson had shown himself so hard-hearted towards his father. It was now marketday in the village of Uttoxeter.

There was a clock in the gray tower of the ancient church, and the hands on the dialplate had now almost reached the hour of noon. At this busiest hour of the market a strange old gentleman was seen making his way among the crowd. He was very tall and bulky, and wore a brown coat and smallclothes, with black worsted stockings and buckled shoes. On his head was a three-cornered hat, beneath which a bushy gray wig thrust itself out, all in disorder. The old gentleman elbowed the people aside, and forced his way through the midst of them with a singular kind of gait, rolling

his body hither and thither, so that he needed twice as much room as any other person there. *

“ Make way, sir !” he would cry out, in a loud, harsh voice, when somebody happened to interrupt his progress. “ Sir, you intrude your person into the public thoroughfare !”

“ What a queer old fellow this is !” muttered the people among themselves, hardly knowing whether to laugh or to be angry.

But when they looked into the venerable stranger’s face, not the most thoughtless among them dared to offer him the least impertinence. Though his features were scarred and distorted with the scrofula, and though his eyes were dim and bleared, yet there was something of authority and wisdom in his look, which impressed them all with awe. So they stood aside to let him pass ; and the old gentleman made his way across the market place, and paused near the corner of the ivy-mantled church. Just as he reached it, the clock struck twelve.

On the very spot of ground where the

stranger now stood some aged people remembered that old Michael Johnson had formerly kept his bookstall. The little children who had bought picture books of him were grandfathers now.

"Yes, here is the very spot!" muttered the old gentleman to himself.

There this unknown personage took his stand and removed the three-cornered hat from his head. It was the busiest hour of the day. What with the hum of human voices, the lowing of cattle, the squeaking of pigs, and the laughter caused by the merry-andrew, the market place was in very great confusion. But the stranger seemed not to notice it any more than if the silence of a desert were around him. He was rapt in his own thoughts. Sometimes he raised his furrowed brow to Heaven, as if in prayer; sometimes he bent his head, as if an insupportable weight of sorrow were upon him. It increased the awfulness of his aspect that there was a motion of his head and an almost continual tremor throughout his frame, with singular twitchings and contortions of his features.

The hot sun blazed upon his unprotected head ; but he seemed not to feel its fervor. A dark cloud swept across the sky, and rain-drops pattered into the market place ; but the stranger heeded not the shower. The people began to gaze at the mysterious old gentleman with superstitious fear and wonder. Who could he be ? Whence did he come ? Wherefore was he standing bare-headed in the market place ? Even the schoolboys came to gaze, with wide-open eyes, at this tall, strange-looking old man.

There was a cattle drover in the village who had recently made a journey to the Smithfield Market in London. No sooner had this man thrust his way through the throng and taken a look at the unknown personage, than he whispered to one of his acquaintances : —

“ I say, Neighbor Hutchins, would ye like to know who this old gentleman is ? ”

“ Aye, that I would,” replied Neighbor Hutchins, “ for a queerer chap I never saw in my life. Somehow it makes me feel small to look at him. He’s more than a common man.”

"You may well say so," answered the cattle drover. "Why, that's the famous Doctor Samuel Johnson, who they say is the greatest and most learned man in England. I saw him in London streets, walking with one Mr. Boswell."

Yes; the poor boy, the friendless Sam, with whom we began our story, had become the famous Samuel Johnson. He was universally acknowledged as the wisest man and greatest writer in all England. He had given shape and permanence to his native language by his Dictionary. Thousands upon thousands of people had read his "Idler," his "Rambler," and his "Rasselas." Noble and wealthy men and beautiful ladies deemed it their highest privilege to be his companions. Even the king of Great Britain had sought his acquaintance. He was now at the summit of literary renown.

But all his fame could not extinguish the bitter remembrance which had tormented him through life. Never, never had he forgotten his father's sorrowful and upbraiding look. Never, though the old man's troubles had been over so many years, had he for-

given himself for inflicting such a pang upon his heart. And now, in his old age, he had come hither to do penance, by standing at noonday in the market place of Uttoxeter, on the very spot where Michael Johnson had once kept his bookstall. The aged and illustrious man had done what the poor boy refused to do. By thus expressing his deep repentance and humiliation of heart, he hoped to gain peace of conscience and the forgiveness of God.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. *Abridged.*

KING ROBERT OF SICILY

I

KING ROBERT of Sicily, brother of Pope Urban and of the Emperor Valemond, was a prince of great courage and renown, but of a temper so proud and impatient that he did not choose to bend his knee to Heaven itself.

One day, while he was present at Vespers, his attention was excited by some words in the "Magnificat." Being far too great and warlike a prince to know anything about

Latin, he asked a chaplain near him the meaning; and being told that the words meant, "He hath put down the mighty from their seat, and hath exalted the humble and meek," he said that men like himself were not so easily put down.

The chaplain made no reply; and his Majesty, partly from the heat of the weather, and partly to relieve himself from the rest of the service, fell asleep.

After some time, he woke up in more than his usual state of impatience, and was preparing to vent it, when to his astonishment he saw that the church was empty. Every soul was gone, except a deaf old woman who was turning up the cushions.

He addressed her to no purpose. He spoke louder and louder, and was about to see, as well as rage and wonder would let him, whether he could walk out of the church without a dozen lords before him, when, catching sight of his face, the old woman uttered a cry of "Thieves!" and shuffling away, closed the door behind her.

King Robert looked at the door in silence,

then round about him at the empty church, then at himself. His cloak of ermine was gone. The coronet was taken from his cap, the very jewels from his fingers. "Thieves, verily!" thought the king, turning white from shame and rage. "Here is open rebellion! Horses shall tear them all to pieces. What, ho, there! Open the door! Open the door for the king!"

"For the constable, you mean," said a voice through the keyhole. "You're a pretty fellow!"

The king said nothing.

"Thinking to escape, in the king's name," said the voice, "after hiding to plunder his closet. We've got you."

Still the king said nothing.

The sexton could not refrain from another gibe at his prisoner.

"I see you there," said he, "by the big lamp, grinning like a rat in a trap."

The only answer King Robert made was to dash his foot against the door, and burst it open. The sexton, who felt as if a house had given him a blow in the face, fainted away; and the king, as far as his sense of

dignity allowed him, hurried to his palace, which was close by.

"Well," said the porter, "what do *you* want?"

"Stand aside, fellow!" roared the king, pushing back the door with his foot.

"Seize him!" cried the porter.

"On your lives!" cried the king. "Look at me, fellow! Who am I?"

"A madman and a fool. That's what you are!" cried the porter. "Hold him fast!"

In came the guards, with an officer at their head, who had just been dressing his curls at a looking-glass. He had the glass in his hand.

"Captain Francavilla," said the king, "is the world run mad? or what is it? Your rebels pretend not even to know me! Go before me, sir, to my rooms!" And as he spoke, the king shook off the men, as a lion does curs, and moved onward.

Captain Francavilla put his finger gently before the king to stop him, and said in a very mincing tone, "Some madman."

King Robert tore the looking-glass from

the captain's hands, and looked himself in the face. *It was not his own face.*

"Here is witchcraft!" exclaimed King Robert. "I am changed." And, for the first time in his life, a feeling of fear came upon him, but nothing so great as the rage and fury that remained.

"Bring him in — bring him in!" now exclaimed other voices, the news having got to the royal apartments; "the king wants to see him."

King Robert was brought in; and there, amidst roars of laughter, he found himself face to face with *another King Robert*, seated on his throne, and as like his former self as he himself was unlike, but with more dignity.

"Hideous impostor!" exclaimed Robert, rushing forward to tear him down.

The court, at the word "hideous," roared with greater laughter than before, for the king, in spite of his pride, was at all times a handsome man; and there was a strong feeling, at present, that he had never in his life looked so well.

Robert, when halfway to the throne, felt

as if a palsy had smitten him. He stopped, and tried to vent his rage, but could not speak.

The figure on the throne looked him steadily in the face. Robert thought it was a wizard, but hated far more than he feared it; for he was of great courage.

It was an angel. But the angel was not going to make himself known yet, nor for a long time.

"Since thou art royal-mad," said the new sovereign, "and in truth a very king of fools, thou shalt have crown and scepter, and be my fool. Fetch the cap and bauble, and let the King of Fools have his coronation."

Robert felt that he must submit.

II

The proud King Robert of Sicily lived in this way for two years, always raging in his mind, always sullen in his manners, and, without the power to oppose, bearing every slight that his former favorites could heap on him.

All the notice the king took of him

consisted in his asking, now and then, in full court, when everything was silent, "Well, fool, art thou still a king?" Robert for some weeks loudly answered that he was; but, finding that the answer was but the signal for a roar of laughter, he turned his speech into a haughty silence, until, seeing that the laughter was greater at this dumb show, he acted in a way that showed neither defiance nor agreement, and the angel for some time let him alone.

Meantime, everybody but the unhappy Robert blessed the new, or, as they supposed him, the altered, king; for everything in the mode of government was changed. Taxes were light; the poor had plenty; work was not too heavy. Half the day was given to industry, and half to healthy enjoyment; and the inhabitants became at once the manliest and tenderest, the gayest and most studious people in the world. Wherever the king went, he was loaded with blessings; and the fool heard them, and wondered.

At the end of these two years, or nearly

so, the king announced that he was to pay a visit to his brother the Pope and his brother the Emperor, the latter coming to Rome for the purpose. He went accordingly with a great train, all clad in the most magnificent garments but the fool, who was dressed in foxtails, and put side by side with an ape dressed like himself.

The people poured out of their houses, and fields, and vineyards, all struggling to get a sight of the king's face and to bless it; the ladies strewing flowers, and the peasants' wives holding up their rosy children, which last sight seemed to delight the sovereign.

The fool came after the court pages, by the side of his ape, causing shouts of laughter; though some persons were a little astonished to think how a monarch, so kind to all the rest of the world, should be so hard upon a sorry fool. But it was told them that this fool was the most insolent of men toward the prince himself; and then although their wonder hardly ceased, it was full of wrath against

the unhappy wretch, and he was loaded with every kind of scorn and abuse. The proud King Robert seemed the only blot and disgrace upon the island.

The fool had still a hope that, when his Holiness saw him, the magician's arts would be at an end. The good man, however, beheld him without the least sign of knowing him; so did the Emperor; and when he saw them both gazing with admiration at the new king, and not with the old look of pretended goodwill and secret dislike, a sense of awe and humility for the first time fell gently upon him.

It happened that it was the same day as that on which, two years before, Robert had scorned the words in the "Magnificat." Vespers were sung before the sovereigns; the music and the soft voices fell softer as they came to the words; and Robert again heard, with far different feelings, "He hath put down the mighty from their seat, and hath exalted the humble." Tears gushed into his eyes, and, to the astonishment of the court, the fool was seen with his hands clasped upon his bosom in

prayer, and the tears pouring down his face.

When the service was over, the king spoke of giving the fool his discharge; and he sent for him, having first dismissed every other person. King Robert came in his fool's cap and bells, and stood humbly at a distance before the strange great Unknown, looking on the floor and blushing. By the hand he had the ape, who had long courted his goodwill, and who, having now obtained it, clung closely to his human friend.

"Art thou still a king?" said the Angel, putting the old question, but without the word "fool."

"I am a fool," said King Robert, "and no king."

"What wouldst thou, Robert?" returned the Angel in a mild voice.

King Robert trembled from head to foot, and said, "Even what thou wouldst, O mighty and good stranger, whom I know not how to name—hardly to look at!"

The stranger laid his hand on the

shoulder of King Robert, who felt a great calm suddenly spread itself over his being. He knelt down, and clasped his hands to thank him.

"Not to me," said the Angel, in a grave but sweet voice; and, kneeling down by the side of Robert, he said, as if in church, "Let us pray."

King Robert prayed, and the Angel prayed, and after a few moments the king looked up, and the Angel was gone; and then the king knew that it was an Angel indeed.

And his own likeness returned to King Robert, but never an atom of his pride; and, after a blessed reign, he died, telling this history to his weeping nobles, and asking that it might be set down in the Sicilian Annals.

LEIGH HUNT. *Adapted.*

JAFFAR

JAFFAR, the Barmecide, the good Vizier,
The poor man's hope, the friend without a
peer, —

Jaffar was dead, slain by a doom unjust;

And guilty Haroun, sullen with mistrust
Of what the good, and e'en the bad, might
say,

Ordained that no man living, from that day,
Should dare to speak his name on pain of
death.

All Araby and Persia held their breath.

All but the brave Mondeer. He, proud to
show

How far for love a grateful soul could go,
And facing death for very scorn and grief,
For his great heart wanted a great relief,
Stood forth in Bagdad, daily in the square
Where once had stood a happy home, and
there

Harangued the tremblers at the scimitar
On all they owed to the divine Jaffar.

"Bring me this man," the caliph cried :
the man

Was brought, was gazed upon. The mutes
began

To bind his arms. "Welcome, brave cords,"
cried he ;

"From bonds far worse Jaffar delivered me ;

From wants, from shames, from loveless
household fears ;
Made a man's eyes friends with delicious
tears ;
Restored me, loved me, put me on a par
With his great self. How can I pay Jaffar ? ”

Haroun, who felt that on a soul like this
The mightiest vengeance could but fall
amiss,

Now deigned to smile, as one great lord of
fate

Might smile upon another half as great.
He said, “ Let worth grow frenzied if it will ;
The caliph's judgment shall be master still.

“ Go, and since gifts so move thee, take
this gem,

The richest in the Tartar's diadem,
And hold the giver as thou deemest fit.”

“ Gifts ! ” cried the friend. He took : and
holding it

High toward the heavens, as though to meet
his star,

Exclaimed, “ This, too, I owe to thee,
Jaffar.”

THE EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHES

MANY years ago there lived an Emperor, who had such a passion for new clothes that he spent all his money upon them, that he might appear very handsome. He did not care about his soldiers, nor about the theater, and only liked to drive out and show his new clothes.

He had a coat for every hour of the day; and just as they say of a king, "He is in council," one always said of him, "The Emperor is in the wardrobe."

In the great city in which he lived it was always very merry; every day a number of strangers arrived there.

One day two cheats came; they gave themselves out as weavers, and declared that they could weave the finest stuff any one could imagine.

Not only were their colors and patterns, they said, uncommonly beautiful, but the clothes made of the stuff possessed the wonderful quality that they became invisible to any one who was unfit for the office he held, or was very stupid.

"Those would be capital clothes!" thought the Emperor. "If I wore those, I should be able to find out what men in my empire are not fit for the places they have; I could distinguish the clever from the stupid. Yes, the stuff must be woven for me directly!"

And he gave the two cheats a great deal of cash in hand, that they might begin their work at once.

As for them, they put up two looms, and pretended to be working; but they had nothing at all on their looms.

They at once demanded the finest silk and the costliest gold; this they put into their pockets, and worked at the empty looms until late into the night.

"I should like to know how far they have got on with the stuff," thought the Emperor. But he felt quite uncomfortable when he thought that those who were not fit for their offices could not see it.

He believed, indeed, that he had nothing to fear for himself, but yet he preferred first to send some one else to see how matters stood. All the people in the whole

city knew what peculiar power the stuff possessed, and all were anxious to see how bad or how stupid their neighbors were.

"I will send my honest old Minister to the weavers," thought the Emperor. "He can judge best how the stuff looks, for he has sense, and no one understands his office better than he."

Now the good old Minister went out into the hall where the two cheats sat working at the empty looms.

"Mercy preserve us!" thought the old Minister, and he opened his eyes wide. "I cannot see anything at all!" But he did not say this.

Both the cheats begged him to be kind enough to come nearer, and asked if he did not approve of the colors and the pattern. Then they pointed to the empty loom, and the poor old Minister went on opening his eyes; but he could see nothing, for there was nothing to see.

"Mercy!" thought he, "can I indeed be so stupid? I never thought that, and not a soul must know it. Am I not fit for my

office? No, it will never do for me to say that I could not see the stuff."

"Do you say nothing about it?" said one of the weavers.

"Oh, it is charming! — quite enchanting!" answered the old Minister, as he peered through his spectacles. "What a fine pattern, and what colors! Yes, I shall tell the Emperor that I am very much pleased with it."

"Well, we are glad of that," said both the weavers; and then they named the colors, and explained the strange pattern. The old Minister listened attentively, that he might be able to repeat it when the Emperor came. And he did so.

Now the cheats asked for more money, and more silk and gold, which they declared they wanted for weaving. They put all into their own pockets, and not a thread was put upon the loom; but they continued to work at the empty frames as before.

The Emperor soon sent again, despatching another honest statesman, to see how the weaving was going on, and if the stuff

would soon be ready. He fared just like the first: he looked and looked, but, as there was nothing to be seen but the empty looms, he could see nothing.

"Is not that a pretty piece of stuff?" asked the two cheats; and they pretended to display and explain the handsome pattern that was not there at all.

"I am not stupid!" thought the man, — "it must be my good office, for which I am not fit. It is strange enough, but I must not let it be noticed." And so he praised the stuff that he did not see, and expressed his pleasure at the beautiful colors and the charming pattern. "Yes, it is enchanting," he said to the Emperor.

All the people in the town were talking of the gorgeous stuff. The Emperor wished to see it himself while it was still upon the loom. With a whole crowd of chosen men, among whom were also the two honest statesmen who had already been there, he went to the two cunning cheats, who were now weaving with might and main without fiber or thread.

"Is that not splendid?" said the two old

statesmen, who had already been there once. "Does not Your Majesty remark the pattern and the colors?"

And then they pointed to the empty loom, for they thought that the others could see the stuff.

"What's this?" thought the Emperor. "I can see nothing at all! That is terrible. Am I stupid? Am I not fit to be Emperor? That would be the most dreadful thing that could happen to me. Oh, it is very pretty!" he said aloud. "It has our exalted approval."

And he nodded in a contented way, and gazed at the empty loom, for he would not say that he saw nothing.

The whole party whom he had with him looked and looked, and saw nothing, any more than the rest; but, like the Emperor, they said, "That is pretty!" and counseled him to wear these splendid new clothes for the first time at the great procession that was presently to take place. "It is splendid — tasteful — excellent!" went from mouth to mouth.

On all sides there seemed to be general

rejoicing, and the Emperor gave the cheats the title of Imperial Court Weavers.

The whole night before the morning on which the procession was to take place the cheats were up, and had lighted more than sixteen candles. The people could see that they were hard at work, completing the Emperor's new clothes.

They pretended to take the stuff down from the loom; they made cuts in the air with great scissors; they sewed with needles without thread; and at last they said, "Now the clothes are ready!"

The Emperor came himself with his noblest cavaliers; and the two cheats lifted up one arm as if they were holding something, and said, "See, here are the trousers! here is the coat! here is the cloak!" and so on. "It is as light as a spider's web: one would think one had nothing on; but that is just the beauty of it."

"Yes," said all the cavaliers; but they could not see anything, for nothing was there.

"Does your Imperial Majesty please to condescend to undress?" said the cheats;

"then we will dress you in the new clothes here in front of the great mirror."

The Emperor took off his clothes, and the cheats pretended to put on him each new garment as it was ready; and the Emperor turned round and round before the mirror.

"Oh, how well they look! how capitally they fit!" said all. "What a pattern! what colors! That is a splendid dress!"

"They are standing outside with the canopy that is to be borne above Your Majesty in the procession!" announced the Head Master of the Ceremonies.

"Well, I am ready," replied the Emperor. "Does it not suit me well?" And then he turned again to the mirror, for he wanted it to appear as if he contemplated his adornment with great interest.

The Chamberlains, who were to carry the train, stooped down with their hands towards the floor, just as if they were picking up the mantle; then they pretended to be holding something up in the air. They did not dare to let it be noticed that they saw nothing.

So the Emperor went in procession under the rich canopy, and every one in the streets said, "How beautiful are the Emperor's new clothes! What a train he has to his mantle! how it fits him!"

No one would let it be perceived that he could see nothing, for that would have shown that he was not fit for his office, or was very stupid. No clothes of the Emperor's had ever had such a success as these.

"But he has nothing on!" a little child cried out at last.

"Just hear what that innocent says!" said the father; and one whispered to another what the child had said.

"But he has nothing on!" said the whole people at length.

That touched the Emperor, for it seemed to him that they were right; but he thought within himself, "I must go through with the procession."

And the Chamberlains held on tighter than ever, and pretended to carry the train, which did not exist at all.



Abraham Lincoln.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

CHOSEN for large designs, he had the art
Of winning with his humor, and he went
Straight to his mark, which was the human
heart;

Wise, too, for what he could not break he
bent.

Upon his back a more than Atlas-load,
The burden of the Commonwealth, was laid;
He stooped, and rose up to it, though the
road

Shot suddenly downwards, not a whit dis-
mayed.

Hold, warriors, councilors, kings! All
now give place

To this dear benefactor of the Race.

RICHARD H. STODDARD.

THE PEARL

ONCE a Persian ruler owned a beautiful
pearl. He had three sons, and he decided
to give the jewel to the one who showed the
greatest nobility of character and conduct.
One day the sons were called into his pres-
ence, and each one was asked what was the

most worthy act he had done during the last quarter of a year.

The eldest son was the first to reply. He said that the previous week he had been intrusted with some precious jewels. The merchant who committed this important trust to him had taken no particular account of them. "If I had taken a few of the jewels," said the young man, "the merchant would never have known it. But I chose to be honest, and delivered them as safely as if they had been my own."

This was undoubtedly a praiseworthy act, and the father commended his son for it. "Well done," he said; "but you could hardly have done otherwise. It would have been shameful to rob a man who had placed such confidence in you."

The ruler then turned to the second son, who said: "As I walked by the lake the other day I saw a child playing near the water. As I watched him he fell in. I quickly jumped into the lake and saved him from drowning."

"Your heroism is certainly to be commended," said the father. "But it would

have been cowardly and ignoble to allow the child to drown. You could hardly have done other than you did and have preserved your self-respect."

Then the third son spoke. He said: "Recently, as I was crossing the mountains, I saw one of my worst enemies sleeping near the edge of a precipice. He was a man who had done me a great deal of harm. I could very easily have passed by and allowed him to remain in his dangerous position. However, I felt that it was my duty to wake him, and thus probably to save his life. I knew that he would not thank me for my kindness. Indeed! I felt sure that he would not understand it, and would be angry with me. Nevertheless, I waked him and my only reward was his wrath!"

"That was indeed a noble act," said the father. "Take the pearl, my son, it is yours."

THE PIGEON AND THE CROW

THE pigeon lived in a nest basket in the kitchen. And then the crow came by.

Now there was much fish on the table, and the crow was hungry. So he made friends with the pigeon.

"Come," he said, "let us go out and find some food." This they did, and when they came back together, the cook, seeing that the pigeon had a friend, hung up another basket for the crow.

Thus several days passed pleasantly, and then again there was a great supply of fish to be prepared for dinner. That morning the crow was not disposed to go out with the pigeon.

"The truth is," he said, "I don't feel very well this morning. I fear that I have a fit of indigestion."

"Indigestion!" cried the pigeon. "That is impossible. I have known you to eat a lamp wick, and be none the worse for it."

"Still," said the crow, "I have a bad pain inside, and shall stay at home."

But when the cook's back was turned, down flew the crow upon the fish. "Click!" said the crow.

"Wouf!" cried the cook. And in a moment he seized the crow and plucked off

all his feathers, except one left on the top of his head. Then he powdered ginger and cinnamon together, and mixed it with buttermilk, and rubbed it into the crow. "Take that," he said, "for spoiling my master's dinner."

Retold from "The Jātaka."

FOR A' THAT, AND A' THAT

Is there, for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that;
The rank is but the guinea stamp;
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden-gray, and a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their
wine,
A man's a man for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that;

The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
Is King o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that:
For a' that, and a' that,
His riband, star, and a' that,
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith he mauna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that;
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that,

For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man the world o'er
Shall brothers be for a' that.

ROBERT BURNS.

OF THE SLAYING OF THE DRAGON

THE time was now come when the Red-Cross Knight must perform the task which he had taken in hand. He departed therefore from the House of Rest; nor had he journeyed far when the Lady Una said to him: "See now the brazen tower in which my father and mother are imprisoned for fear of the dragon, and lo! there is the watchman on the wall waiting for good tidings." Scarcely had she spoken when they heard a dreadful sound of roaring, and, looking, they saw the dragon lying on the sunny side of a hill, and he was like a hill himself, so great he was. Nor did he fail to note the glitter of arms, for he was a watchful beast, and made all haste to meet his enemy.

Then said the Knight to Una: "The hour is come; stand aside on yonder hill where

you may watch the battle and be safe yourself."

Meanwhile the dragon came on, half flying and half on foot, such haste did he make. Never was seen upon the earth so terrible a beast. He looked like to a mountain as he came, so much of the earth did he cover, so high did he rear himself in air, so broad a shadow did he cast. He was covered all over with scales as of brass or iron, fitting so close together that neither edge of sword nor point of spear could pierce them. On either side he spread out two great wings like to the sails of some tall ship. Behind was a great tail, wound in a hundred folds and covering full three furlongs. Huge knots it had, each like to a shield, and at the end were two great stings, armed each with deadliest poison. But more cruel even than the stings were his claws, so mighty were they and so sharp to rend asunder all that they should touch; and yet more cruel than his claws was his monstrous head, with rows of teeth, strong as iron, set in either jaw, while out of his throat came forth a smoking breath with sulphurous stench.

Deep set in his head were his two great eyes, large as shields and burning with wrath as with fire, like to two broad beacons set upon a hill to give warning of the foe's approach to all the shires around.

Such was the dragon to behold, and as he came on he might be seen to rear his neck in pride, while his scales bristled with anger — a dreadful sight, which made even the Knight's bold heart grow cold for a space with fear. But not the less boldly did he address himself to the fight. Laying his spear in rest he charged with all his might. Full on the monster's carcass struck the spear, but could not pierce those scales, so stout and closely set they were. Only so shrewd was the blow that the dragon felt the shock within: never had such been dealt to him before, though he had met many a gallant knight in combat. So he spread wide his wings, and, lifting himself in air, circled round till, swooping down, he seized Knight and steed with his claws and lifted them from the earth. For a whole bowshot's length he carried them, but then was constrained to loose them, so fierce was

the struggle which they made. So you may see a hawk, when he has pounced upon some bird that is too heavy for his flight, carry his prey awhile, but is then constrained to drop him from his claws. Again did the Knight, so restored to the earth, charge his foe. Again did the spear glance aside, though there was the force as of three men in the blow. Yet was not the thrust all in vain. So fierce was the shock that the dragon was constrained to raise his wing, and there, where the flesh was bare of shelter, the spear point made a grisly wound. The beast caught the spear shaft with his claws and brake it short, but the head stuck fast, while the blood poured out amain. Then, in his rage, he vomited forth great flames of fire, and, bending round his tail, caught the Knight's horse by the legs, and he, fiercely struggling to free himself, threw his rider to the ground. Ill content with this fall, for it seemed as a dishonor to him, he snatched his sword — of his spear he had been bereft — and smote the dragon on his crest. The crest did not yield to the blow, so stoutly was it cased about, but the creature

felt the shock through all his mighty frame. Yet again the Knight smote him, and once more the sword glanced aside as if from a rock of adamant, yet was not the labor spent in vain, for now the beast, seeking to avoid his enemy, would have raised himself in air, but that the wounded wing could not perform its office. Then, in his fury, he brayed aloud, and vomited forth from his throat so fierce a flame that it scorched the face of the Knight, and set his beard on fire, and seared his flesh through his armor. Grievous was the pain, and scarcely to be borne, not less than that which Hercules of old endured when the fiery robe steeped in the Centaur's blood wrapped him around.¹ He stood astonished and helpless. And when the dragon saw how he fared, he dealt him a great blow with his tail, and so brought him headlong to the ground. Then, indeed,

¹ The story may be read at length in "Stories from the Greek Tragedians." Briefly put, it is this: Hercules slew the Centaur who would have carried off his promised wife. The dying monster gave his mantle, dyed as it was with his blood, to the woman, saying: "Keep this as my last gift; it will be a sure means of keeping your husband's love." In after years the woman, thinking that her husband had ceased to love her, sent him the robe as a gift, and he, putting it on, was so grievously burned by the poison that he died.

it had gone ill with him, but for the happy chance that behind him there was a spring, which sent forth a stream of water, silvery bright and of great virtue for the healing of all wounds and sicknesses. Men in the old time, before the dragon had wasted the land, called it the Well of Life, and though it was now for the most part forgotten, yet it had not lost its healing powers. It could restore him that was wasted with sickness, ay, and raise the dead. There was no spring on earth that could be matched with it. But of this the dragon was unaware — how should he know of such things? — only when he saw his adversary fall headlong into the water he clapped his wings for joy. This the Lady Una saw from the hill whereon she sat watching the fight. Sorely did it dismay her. Nevertheless she did not wholly lose her hope, but prayed all night to God that it might yet be well with the Knight.

When the next morning dawned in the sky, she looked, and lo! her champion stood all refreshed and ready for the fray. Nor did the dragon draw back from the encounter.

Straightway the Knight, lifting high his sword, dealt a great blow at the monster's crest, and this time, whether the sacred spring had given a keener edge to the steel or had put new strength into the arm which wielded it, it did that which never steel had done before, for it made a great yawning wound. Then the dragon, wrought to fury by the pain, lifted his tail high over his head, and brought down upon his adversary the deadly double sting which lay in the end. Through the shield it made its way, and fixed itself in his shoulder. Grievous was the smart, but the Knight, thinking only of victory and honor, did not flinch beneath it, but, gathering all his strength, shore off the furthest joints of the tail, so that not the half of it was left. But not yet was the battle won. For now the dragon laid his two mighty claws upon the Knight, seizing his foot with one and his shield with the other. Sorely was he now beset, for though with a blow of his sword he rid himself of the one claw, the other held him fast. At the same time there burst forth from the monster's mouth such blasts of fire, such

clouds of smoke, that he was constrained to retire a little backward, and so, retiring, he slipped in the mire and fell. Yet the matter turned to his good, for the same Spring of Life refreshed and healed him as before, nor did the dragon dare to come near, for he could not have aught to do with a thing so pure and holy. And so the second day came to its ending.

This night also did the Lady Una pray for her Knight throughout the hours of darkness, and the morning found her watching as before. But with the third day came a speedy end to that fierce encounter. The dragon, full of rage to be so balked of his prey, ran at the Knight with mouth wide open as if to swallow him alive. And he was not slow to seize the occasion, for his foe had laid bare before him its most vital part. Right into the monster's mouth he drove his sword with all the strength that was in him. Nor had he need to strike again, for the monster fell as falls some cliff which the waves of the sea for many years have worn away. High and strong it seems to stand, but it falls far and wide in sudden ruin.

There is no need to tell in many words how the king and queen of that land came forth from their prison with great gladness, and how the people of the land rejoiced to be rid of so foul a tyranny, and how the Lady Una seemed to be fairer than ever when she came forth in her robe of state, and how the Knight and she were duly betrothed. "Fain would I stay," said the Knight, "but I am under promise to Queen Gloriana to serve her for six years against the infidel." "So be it," said the king of the land, "go, keep your promise as becomes a noble knight, and know that when you shall return, you shall have my daughter to wife and my kingdom also, for this I have ever purposed in my heart, that he who should deliver it from the foul tyranny should have it for his own, for none could be more fit."

EDMUND SPENSER. Retold by A. J. CHURCH.

THERE is never a sky of winter
To the heart that sings alway ;
Never a night but hath stars to light,
And dreams of a rosy day.

FRANK L. STANTON.

SANTA FILOMENA

WHENE'ER a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts, in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unawares
Out of all meaner cares.

Honor to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low !

Thus thought I, as by night I read
Of the great army of the dead,
The trenches cold and damp,
The starved and frozen camp, —

The wounded from the battle plain,
In dreary hospitals of pain,
The cheerless corridors,
The cold and stony floors.

Lo! in that house of misery
A lady with a lamp I see
 Pass through the glimmering gloom,
 And flit from room to room.

And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
 Her shadow, as it falls
 Upon the darkening walls.

As if a door in heaven should be
Opened and then closed suddenly,
 The vision came and went,
 The light shone and was spent.

On England's annals, through the long
Hereafter of her speech and song,
 That light its rays shall cast
 From portals of the past.

A Lady with a Lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,
 A noble type of good,
 Heroic womanhood.

Nor even shall be wanting here
The palm, the lily, and the spear,
The symbols that of yore
Saint Filomena bore.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

QUEEN LOUISE

ALL of you have probably seen at least one of the lovely pictures of Queen Louise, but do you all know who Queen Louise was, or why her memory is so dear to the German people?

Louise was the daughter of a German grand duke. She was born in "famous Hanover city," near Hamelin, in March, 1776 — at just about the time that the Declaration of Independence was signed in America. When a German child is baptized, it is often given a great many names, and this little princess was named Louise Augusta Wilhelmina Amelia. When Louise was six, her mother died, and the children were brought up by their grandmother.

As a young girl Louise was once with her grandmother in Frankfort, where she saw the King of Prussia. Crown Prince Fred-

erick William, who was with his father, fell in love with the princess at first sight, and a month later they were formally betrothed. The prince was twenty-three, tall, grave, and known as the handsomest man in Prussia. Louise was a graceful and very beautiful girl of seventeen. They were married in the royal palace in Berlin on Christmas eve, 1793.

In 1795 Louise's first son, afterwards King Frederick William IV, was born. Two years later the King of Prussia died and Louise's husband succeeded to the Prussian throne.

For a number of years before this all Europe had been troubled by affairs in France. The French people had revolted, overthrown, and finally killed their king, and then formed a republic. Other European nations, who feared the spread of republican ideals by France, joined together to try to restore the French monarchy. In the wars that followed the great general, Napoleon, was most successful. As a result he became so popular in France that he was allowed to make himself ruler, being crowned

Emperor of the French in 1804. He then wished to extend his rule to other parts of Europe, and invented all sorts of reasons for seizing land near France to which he had really not the slightest claim. He was soon at war with England, Austria, Sweden, and Russia. In 1805 he took possession of some Prussian lands near the Rhine, so that Frederick William felt obliged to join in the war against him.

After the declaration of war, Queen Louise went with her husband to review his troops. The soldiers adored her on account of her kindness and beauty, and as she was perfectly fearless and burning with patriotic love, she inspired them with great enthusiasm for the war. On this account the generals of the army valued her presence among them, and they encouraged the idea of having her travel with the army when it set out to meet Napoleon. She did go with them, and she refused to turn back until the two armies were in full view of each other.

On the day following her departure, two great battles were fought at Jena and Auer-

stadt, in both of which the Prussians were badly beaten, so that Napoleon was free to enter Prussia. The day after the battle he took possession of the very castle where the queen had been two days before. He was anxious to capture the queen, and when one of his officers told him that the French had failed in their attempt to take her, he said, "Ah! that would have been well done, for she has caused the war."

Frederick William had retreated to Cüstrin. Here Louise soon met him. She urged him not to follow the advice of those men who wanted him to surrender to Napoleon. To her, continuing the war seemed better than submitting to Napoleon's hard conditions. She was most courageous in her bearing, and when the king went to inspect the defense of the city, she walked about on the ramparts with him.

The war continued, and Napoleon captured city after city. The royal family was compelled to move from place to place, and they suffered great privations. They had little money, provisions were scarce, and for a time the king and queen and their children

lived in one poorly furnished room in a wretched house. They must have been comforted, however, in these gloomy times, by the tokens they received of their people's love. A farmer's wife brought some butter "for the poor king." "No, no," said the king, "I am not poor but rich, blessed with such subjects."

Late in the year the queen was taken ill and for a time her life was despaired of. Yet she was compelled, by the near approach of the French, to move. During her three days' flight the queen, sick as she was, had to spend a night in a room with broken windows, where the snow blew in on her bed. Yet she did not lose courage, but was as brave as ever.

Soon after this, Alexander of Russia sent some troops to aid Frederick in his fight against Napoleon, but the combined armies were so badly beaten in two battles that for a time all seemed lost, and Louise and Frederick were on the point of leaving their kingdom. Napoleon, however, consented to make peace, and he met Alexander and Frederick at Tilsit to discuss the terms of a

treaty of peace. The two princes knew that after their great defeats they could expect peace with Napoleon only on hard conditions. Frederick decided that his beautiful wife might be able to gain more from Napoleon than he himself could, and so he most unwillingly sent for her to come to Tilsit.

When she received her husband's summons, Louise burst into tears and said, "This is the most painful sacrifice that I have been called upon to make for my people." Going to Napoleon at this time meant humbling herself to beg for mercy from the man who not only was her husband's vanquisher and the cause of all his misfortunes, but who seemed to have singled her out especially for dislike and abuse. He had spoken most unjustly and sarcastically of her in his public dispatches, and had repeatedly accused her of being the cause of the war. Naturally the meeting with Napoleon under these circumstances could not fail to be exceedingly painful to Louise; yet for the sake of her country and in the hope of easing the distress of her people she



"Napoleon received Louise at Tilsit with much ceremony."

laid aside her personal feeling and appeared before her country's conqueror to plead for easier terms for Prussia.

Napoleon received Louise at Tilsit with much ceremony. They had several interviews, and Louise used all her tact and brilliant wit in her attempts to lessen Napoleon's demands, but she left Tilsit feeling that she had accomplished nothing. She said herself, afterward: "What I suffered then I suffered more on account of others than on my own account. I wept, I implored in the name of love and of humanity, in the name of our misfortunes, and of the laws that govern the world."

Napoleon took half Frederick's kingdom and insisted on the payment of a large sum of money besides. The country was already so poor that raising money for the war debt was a difficult matter. The queen gave up her jewels, Frederick the Great's gold dinner service was melted up for coin, and the royal family lived as simply as ordinary private citizens. "The queen sat at a poorly furnished table, that like herself was divested of all adornments; but her

grace, dignity, and beauty shone all the brighter."

The queen now devoted a great deal of thought to the improvement of conditions among her husband's subjects. She persuaded Frederick to better the educational system, to improve the army, and to set about freeing the poor peasants in the country districts. She also helped to found the Luisenstift or Louise's Association for the benefit of orphans.

About two years after the Treaty of Tilsit the royal family returned to Berlin, which had been occupied until recently by French troops. Louise was in poor health, and the following summer, soon after her thirty-fourth birthday, she died. She was buried in a beautiful mausoleum at Charlottenburg, near Berlin. When you go to Berlin, you will be sure to see this mausoleum and the statue of Louise, made by a sculptor whom she had befriended.

At Louise's death, "All Germany seemed in tears." General Blücher said, "Our saint is in heaven." Her subjects were devoted to Louise not only on account of her

beauty, her patriotism, and her misfortunes, but because of her great kindness and generosity. From the time when she was a young girl she seemed to find it easier to give money to others than to spend it on herself. On her eighteenth birthday, which came soon after she was married, her father-in-law asked her what she would most like for a birthday present. "A handful of gold for the poor of Berlin," she said. "And how large a handful would the birthday-child like?" asked the king. "As large as the heart of the best of kings," she answered quickly. After her husband became king, it is said that his treasurer felt obliged to complain to him of the large sums that the queen spent in charity.

Miss Bolton, in speaking of the love that Germans bear to Louise, says of her, "Gracious and beautiful, kind to the highest and the lowest, the cultivated friend of poets and statesmen, a devoted wife and mother, brave and able to lead, yet gentle and lovable, she was, and is, the inspiration of a great nation."

ABOU BEN ADHEM

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of
 peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his
 room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold.

Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem
 bold,
And, to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised
 its head,
And, with a look made all of sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love
 the Lord."

"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not
 so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still; and said, "I pray thee,
 then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote, and vanished. The next
night

It came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God
had blessed ;

And, lo ! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

LEIGH HUNT.

THE GREAT HORSEMAN

THE King of Benares fled after a lost battle, and so came into a little village. At the sight of him, in armor and on a splendid horse, the simple people took refuge in their houses. Only one man stayed to meet him.

"Who are you?" said the man, "and on whose side do you fight? Are you for the king or against him?"

"I am for the king," he said.

Then the man took him to his home, and gave him his best chair, and fed his horse; and at night the man and his wife slept on the floor, and gave the stranger the best bed. Thus they kept him for several days. But all the time they knew not that their guest

was the king. It was enough that he was a stranger in need of food and lodging.

When the king took his leave, he said to his host: "I am the Great Horseman. My house is in the middle of the city. Should you come to town, I shall be glad to see you. Stand at the door on the right hand and ask the porter where the Great Horseman lives."

At last the king came home in victory, and he called the porter.

"Porter," he said, "a man will come here by and by, and will ask you where the Great Horseman lives. Take him by the hand and bring him in to me." But days passed, and days passed, and the man did not appear.

By and by, the king increased the tax on the village where the man lived. Still he did not come. And the king increased the tax a second, and then a third time. Then the neighbors said to the man: —

"Friend, since the Great Horseman stayed with you we have had tax on tax. Go now to him, and ask his help." •

So the man stood at the right-hand door

of the house in the middle of the city and in his hand he had a bag of cakes for the Great Horseman, and also a suit of clothes for him and a dress for his wife. These were the gifts that he brought with him.

At last he was ushered into the presence of the king. And the king made him sit beside him on his throne, under the white umbrella, and the queen waited upon him. The cakes were put into a golden dish and the noble lords and ladies of the court ate them. Then the king put off his royal robes and put on the suit that the villager had brought, and the queen wore the dress that the villager's wife had made. The king gave the man a splendid cloak, and a thousand pieces of pure gold, and, calling his court together, he gave him a half of his kingdom. When the prince came in anger to know what all this meant, the king said: —

“My son, do you know who took me in when I fled from the battle? It was this friendly man. I will now be his friend as he was mine.”

And the village was never again asked for taxes.

A MAN WHO LOVED HIS FELLOW-MEN

SOMETIME you may visit the monument city of Baltimore or the University cities of New Haven and Cambridge. If so, you will probably see large buildings bearing the name of Peabody. In Baltimore there is the Peabody Institute of Science. In New Haven there is the Peabody Museum of Yale University, and in Cambridge the Peabody Museum of Natural History. These buildings were the gifts of a generous man by the name of George Peabody whose history I will now briefly relate.

He was born in Danvers, Massachusetts, which city also has a museum that was presented by him. When ten years of age, he was compelled to leave school to earn his living. When he was seventeen, he went to Georgetown, a city near Washington, to become a clerk in his uncle's dry-goods store.

George was an industrious lad, polite and agreeable in his manners, and thoroughly faithful to his employer's interests. He did something more than merely the

task assigned to him. He studied the business carefully, and by and by he became so well acquainted with it, and so efficient in his work, that he was put in complete charge of the store. He managed the business so successfully that his reputation for efficiency soon spread. Other merchants learned of his ability, and it was not long before a fine opportunity presented itself for him to enter into partnership with Elisha Riggs.

Mr. Riggs suggested that they establish a draper's store and offered to furnish the money if George would manage the business. The youth very naturally felt that he was not old enough for such an undertaking, for he was not yet nineteen years of age. But Mr. Riggs had studied the young man and felt confident that he would prove to be the right person in the right place. So young Peabody decided to accept the proposition, and the firm of Riggs & Peabody was established.

Under the young man's careful management the business prospered, and it was not long before the firm looked about for larger opportunities of trade. They moved

from Georgetown to Baltimore, where they soon did a prosperous business. A short time afterward branch houses were established in the larger cities of Philadelphia and New York.

When, in 1826, the senior member of the firm retired, Peabody, who was then only thirty-one years old, found himself at the head of a large and flourishing business. And now another change in his career was to take place. His business relations with London were such that he found it frequently necessary to cross the Atlantic. This involved considerable inconvenience. So he finally decided to make his headquarters in the great English metropolis. He doubtless left his native country with regret, but in 1837 we find him making his home in England. This soon led to his withdrawal from the American firm to become a banker and commission agent in London. He prospered in his business and soon became a very wealthy man. But he did not hoard his wealth. He had a generous nature, and his rapidly accumulating wealth furnished him with means for carry-

ing out many noble and philanthropic plans.

Nearly every schoolboy probably has read of the Sir John Franklin expedition that set out in search of the North Pole. When, in 1852, another expedition was organized in New York to search for the lost Franklin and his crew, it was George Peabody who contributed ten thousand dollars toward defraying the expenses of the undertaking. But this was only the beginning of a series of generous deeds and contributions. In 1853 he donated a large sum of money to the city of Danvers for the establishment of a public institute and library. Although living in England, he did not forget his native country. Remembering his own boyhood, he was especially anxious to furnish opportunities for learning to the boys and girls of the city of his birth.

Mr. Peabody had a warm and generous heart and continued giving of his large wealth as long as he lived. It would require an entire volume to describe all of his benefactions. Several only can be mentioned here. Although thousands of miles away, he

did not forget the city in which he really laid the foundations of his fortune. A million dollars were given by him to Baltimore to establish and endow the Institute of Science. Mr. Peabody believed thoroughly in education, and he contributed, also, millions of dollars to colleges, libraries, and other organizations for its promotion.

His sympathies were always with the poor and needy. When he found how badly housed the families of many of the working-men of London were, he presented the city of London with the munificent sum of two million five hundred thousand dollars to build dwelling houses for them.

Thus he spent his life in doing good. He gave generously of his large fortune to better the condition of his fellow-men. They were not unmindful of his generosity, but appreciated it and tried to show their gratitude in different ways. When he had reached the age of seventy-one, he decided to cross the Atlantic to see his native land once more. When Queen Victoria learned of this, she desired to confer on him a baronetcy. But he declined the honor. Then

the Queen, still desirous of honoring him in some way, offered to make him a Knight of the Order of the Bath. Mr. Peabody appreciated the Queen's kindly purpose, but having been born an American, he felt that he ought not to accept a title of this kind, and so respectfully declined the proffered honor.

But the Queen was still desirous of honoring such a worthy man, and when he was asked if there were nothing she might do to show her regard and appreciation of what he had done for humanity, he answered: "There is one thing that I would appreciate very much. I would like to be the bearer of a letter from her to the American people, which I might leave there as a memorial from one of her most devoted admirers." The Queen wrote the letter, and, a few days afterward, Mr. Peabody was carrying it across the sea. It was placed with the Queen's portrait in the institute that he had founded in his native city of Danvers.

Mr. Peabody died in 1869. He was known on both sides of the water as a philanthropist, and the English and American people mourned his death. They felt that

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a good man and a great benefactor was gone. But the institutions that he had founded did not die. They lived to continue the work that he began, and there are some words of his that still live. When the Institute at Danvers was dedicated, in an address he said: --

"There is not a youth within the sound of my voice whose early opportunities and advantages are not very much better than mine were. I have achieved nothing that is impossible to the most humble boy among you. Steadfast and undeviating truth, fearless and straightforward integrity, and an honor unsullied by an unworthy word or action make their possessor greater than worldly success."

THE HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD

He was a friend to man, and lived in a house by the side of the road. — HOMER.

THERE are hermit souls that live withdrawn
In the peace of their self-content;
There are souls, like stars, that dwell apart,
In a fellow-less firmament;

There are pioneer souls that blaze their
paths

Where highways never ran : —

But let me live by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

Let me live in a house by the side of the
road,

Where the race of men go by —

The men who are good and the men who
are bad,

As good and as bad as I.

I would not sit in the scorner's seat,

Or hurl the cynic's ban : —

Let me live in a house by the side of the
road

And be a friend to man.

SAM WALTER FOSS.

GRISELDA

NEARLY six hundred years ago, an Italian poet wrote the beautiful story of Griselda, and, about the same time, there lived in England a writer named Geoffrey Chaucer. Because he was our first great poet, we call him the "Father of English Poetry."

Chaucer was so pleased with this Italian story that he turned it into an English poem and included it in his "Canterbury Tales."

Once upon a time there lived in the north of Italy a young nobleman, named Walter. His friends admired him because he was active and strong, but the poor people who lived on his wide lands, tending his sheep and working in his vineyards, were troubled when they saw that their master cared only for hunting and sport.

"If the Earl were married," said one, "perhaps he would think less of his pleasures and more of his people."

Others thought the same thing, and a number of them at length went to let their lord know what they wanted. They told him that if he would consent to marry, he need not trouble to look for a wife; it would be a pleasure to them to find one for him.

Earl Walter smiled. "I am willing to do as you wish," he answered; "but I would rather choose for myself in the matter of a wife. Go home, my friends, and before long you shall know that my wedding day is fixed." He kept his word, and soon the

people were glad to hear that on a certain date, not far distant, the Earl would take a bride to his castle.

The wedding day came; bracelets and rings, necklaces of gold and precious stones, together with dresses worthy of a high-born lady, had been bought by the Earl as gifts for his wife. Lords and ladies from far and near came to the marriage feast, and a holiday had been given to the people in the villages, but no one knew who was the chosen bride.

"Come with me," said the Earl to his friends, "and you shall see the lady who is to become my wife this day." On horseback, along with a gay company, he rode across the country. The villagers came to their doors to watch the sight, and, as they looked at the noble ladies riding in the train of the Earl, they tried to guess which of them was to be the mistress of the castle. At last the Earl stopped in front of a small cottage.

At the porch stood a poor girl. Her father was a laborer, and he earned so little that his daughter had to help him by tend-

ing sheep. During the long hours in the fields she did a great deal of needlework, and in the evenings it was her happiness to make the cottage home bright and comfortable for her father. Her name was Griselda, and all who knew the maiden loved her because she was so gentle and so beautiful.

The lords and ladies wondered when they saw the Earl alight from his horse, and take off his cap as he spoke to the village maiden.

"Griselda," he said, "do not be surprised at what you hear. The wife I am choosing to-day must be good as well as beautiful, and I care not for high birth as long as she is loving and gentle. Will you be my wife? I have never seen any one to equal you, for grace of manner and goodness of life."

Griselda's face showed her surprise, but she answered, "I am my lord's servant and will do all that he wishes."

"I am glad to hear you say so," continued the Earl; "but, Griselda, I may ask my wife to do things that will bring sorrow into her life. Will you promise to obey,

no matter how hard my orders may chance to be?"

"I will promise," replied Griselda, "never to disobey you as long as I live."

"That is enough, my Griselda," said the Earl, as he took the hand of the village maiden and showed her to the people. Then he sent to the castle for the dresses he had bought, and two noble ladies took Griselda into the cottage and clothed her in the rich robes. When they had done this, they placed a crown of gold upon her head, and decked her with jewels.

The Earl put a ring upon her finger, and set her upon a snow-white horse, and then they all returned to the castle, where the wedding took place. The day was passed by the people in feasting and merriment, and they were glad that one of their own class had been chosen to be the lady of the castle.

As time went on, Griselda's goodness made her loved by all, rich and poor. Her kind deeds were spoken of far and wide, and people took long journeys to see the wise and graceful young Countess. The

Earl could have found no better wife, if he had roamed over the whole world in search of one.

Three years afterwards, Griselda was sitting in the castle, with her baby-girl upon her knee, and beside her stood the Earl. He thought of the promise she had made, and he longed to find whether she was really as gentle as she seemed. He made up his mind to put her to the test.

"Griselda," he said to her, after a time, "my people are beginning to be sorry that I did not choose a noble lady for my wife, and now they complain that their future Countess is the grandchild of a poor laborer. There will be no peace in the land while our girl lives."

Griselda looked sadly at her baby for a moment. Then she said to her husband, "My child and I belong to you; do what you wish to your own. I am bound to obey you in all things."

The Earl, pleased with her answer, went to an officer, and told him what to do. That same day, the man came and asked for the child.

"You must forgive me," he said, "if what I do seems cruel, but I am bound to obey my lord's orders."

"Give me time," answered Griselda, "to kiss my baby, whom I shall never see again." She held the child close to her for a while, and lulled it with many a soft caress. Her heart was torn with sorrow as she gave her little one a long parting kiss. At length she said, "Take the child, and obey your lord's commands."

When Griselda's son was born, the Earl was not less cruel. He said to his wife, "This child, if he lives, will one day be the lord of these wide lands, and my people will not care to have your son as their ruler. Are you ready to give him up for my sake?" The sorely tried wife again said that she would keep her vow, and the same officer carried away the boy she loved so dearly.

Years passed by, and Griselda was as patient as ever. One day the Earl said to her, "I married you, Griselda, because you were so good and true, but I see now that I ought not to have chosen a poor man's daughter for my wife. My people say that

their Countess is not of noble birth, and wish me to choose another wife."

All this was untrue; every one in the land loved and honored Griselda for her gentle manner and kind deeds.

"Now, Griselda," continued the Earl, "my new wife is already on her way to the castle, and I wish you to give up your place to her. Are you ready to obey me?"

"Yes, my lord, I am," replied Griselda. "From the first I have felt myself unworthy to be your wife. I thank you for the honor you have done me all these years, and to-day I will return to my father's cottage."

"Not so fast," said the Earl. "My new wife is very young; she will have to be taught many things before she can understand her duties as mistress of this castle. I shall want you to stay here and show the Countess all that she wishes to know. Are you willing to serve where you have so long been mistress?"

"I am ready to do your will," said Griselda, "and I pray that God will give your new wife much happiness. If I might say one thing, it would be to ask

you to deal gently with her. She may find it hard to be as patient as I have tried to be."

The day came for the arrival of the new Countess. Griselda had worked hard, and all was ready to welcome the young wife. There were crowds to greet her as she passed beneath the gateway, with a noble-looking boy riding by her side. "Is she not beautiful?" said the Earl. "I have never seen so fair a bride," answered Griselda, "and I trust that God will bless you both to the end of your lives."

"It is enough, Griselda mine," said the Earl. "I have greatly tried your goodness. How steadfast you have been! How bravely you have kept your word during these long years of trial! You are my own dear wife, and no one else shall ever take your place."

Griselda trembled as she looked from her husband to the beautiful maiden standing near. "I do not understand," she cried. "Tell me who this noble young lady is, and why you have brought her to the castle!"

"She is your own daughter," replied the Earl, with a smile, "and the boy who has come with her is your son."

When Griselda heard this, she would have fallen, if her husband had not supported her. Then, weeping for joy, she held out her arms and embraced the children whom she had thought to be dead, kissing them many times and looking lovingly at their fair young faces. Then the Earl and Countess entered the castle with their son and daughter, and sorrow never again came to Patient Griselda.

Selected.

THE AMBULANCE CALL OF THE SEA

THERE was a heavy fog that night, and the great steamship *Republic* was blowing its vast horn. Boom! boom! went the sound of the warning note into the thick cloud. Suddenly, out of the dense mist, loomed the sharp prow of the *Florida*; there was a fierce collision; in pushed the smaller boat through the stout side of the greater, crushing the walls of staterooms and letting the flood of water into the

engine room itself. Then the attacking boat backed out, and in an instant was lost to sight and sound in the black night. In poured the water, all the lights on the ship went out, and there were the five hundred passengers in the terror of the dark.

They kept their senses. They knew that a panic would only bring calamity upon them, which by order and courage might yet be avoided. The captain was in secure command, the crew were obedient to orders. What could be done in such dire distress was done. Then there remained only the tremendous difficulty of patience, the hard task of waiting in the face of constantly increasing peril. The passengers made the best of it. They talked quietly, and tried to laugh. One lady combed her hair, remarking that if she must die, she would at least look as presentable as she could.

Meanwhile, up aloft in the wireless telegraph office, a young operator named Jack Binns was calling for assistance. C. Q. D.! C. Q. D.! went his signal out into

space. It is the ambulance call of the sea. It means that there is great distress, and summons all who hear it to the rescue. It has the right of way over all other messages. "C. Q. D.!" said Binns. "The Steamship *Republic* has been rammed in latitude 40.57, longitude 70, twenty-six miles south of Nantucket." It came to wireless offices on shore, and they repeated it in all directions. It came to wireless offices on ships, and from north and east a dozen craft began to feel their way through the fog and the night to the place where the *Republic* lay wounded. At last the *Baltic* came in sight.

Then without noise, or haste, or any disorder, the people were transferred from one ship to the other. They were lowered down the steep side into the tossing sea, and rowed across the high waves, and pulled up the steep side of the rescuer. Nobody pushed his neighbor aside to be the first to get into a place of safety. Thus through twelve anxious hours the work went on. They were all saved. The captain and the mate stood on the

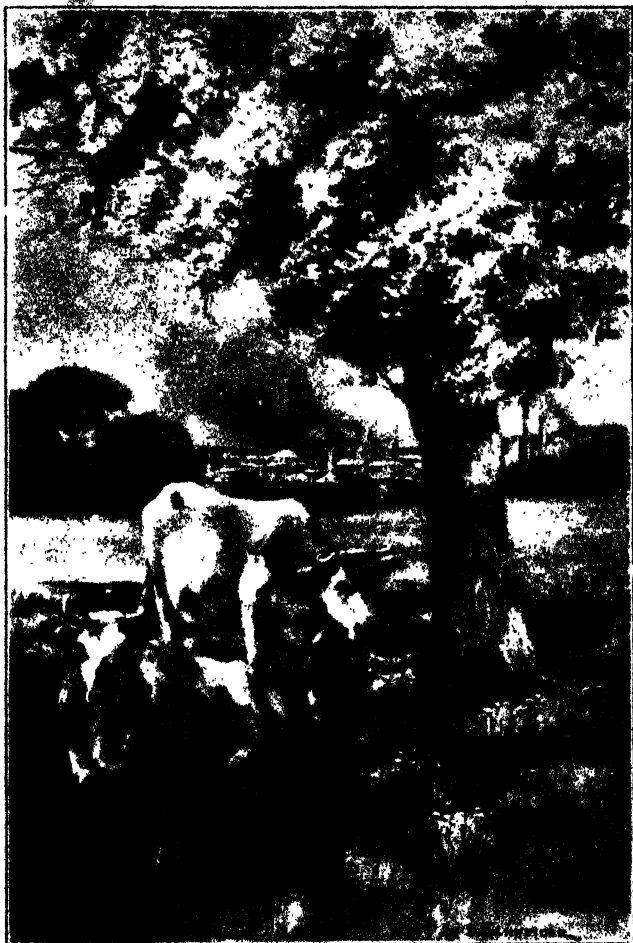
sinking ship till she sank lower and lower, and at last went out of sight. The brave officers swam out of the whirling waters of the wreck, and the *Republic* was no more.

The ship was lost, but the people were saved, and the honor of human nature was saved. It was shown how bravely and even cheerfully men and women and children could face fearful peril and keep their courage.

THE TRUE STORY OF AN OLD HAWTHORN TREE

WHEN it was young, it was very happy. It stood in the deep grass where daisies and buttercups grew, and sleepy, kind-eyed cows used to lie under its shade, and birds used to build their nests in its branches. It was a tree with an affectionate nature, and it was very fond of the birds, and always rustled a praise of their singing, and tried to hold its leaves close together to make a shelter for them when it rained.

And how sweet it was when the pink and white buds began to peep out and grow big-



"It stood in the deep grass where daisies and buttercups grew."

ger, and pinker, and whiter every day, until, some fine morning, the whole tree was a mass of fragrant blossom, and the air all around it was perfumed. Then the little children used to come to gather "the may," as they called it, and roll about on the grass, and dance and sing, and make wreaths for their heads, and have little feasts in the shade, and enjoy themselves until they were tired, and had to go home and leave the Hawthorn Tree to the birds' twitter and the soft warm night wind again.

When it grew older and sad times came and all was changed, even to the very air it breathed, the Hawthorn Tree used to remember those days with an aching heart.

"Oh," it used to sigh with all its leaves, "if I could only bloom again as I did then, if I could only see the children dancing, and see them with rosy faces and laughing eyes, instead of always so pale and sad and dirty. Everything is dirty now, even the birds have soot on their wings, and can't keep their nests clean."

The change in its happy life had come about so gradually that the Hawthorn Tree

could scarcely tell when first it had begun. It had an idea, however, that the first signs of it appeared on a spring morning when it had noticed years and years ago that the smoke of great London town seemed nearer. It had been very busy blooming at the time, and it was not quite sure that it was not mistaken, but later in the year, when it had more time to notice, it began to be quite certain that somehow the smoke had advanced more into the country. This puzzled it very much for a long time ; it did not know how long, but there came a time when it heard a sort of explanation. It heard it from two laborers who stopped to sit down and rest under it on their way home after their day's work. "Lunnon town," said one of them, wiping his brow with his rough hand, "Lunnon town, it do be growin' wonderful."

"So it be, man ; so it be," answered the other.

The years passed by — a great many years — and as each year passed, the dark cloud overhanging London town crept nearer and nearer, and the sky, which had always be-

fore been fair and clear, began to look as if its blue were dulled. More than this, the Hawthorn Tree could see not only the dark pall of smoke, but the chimneys themselves which poured it forth. Not only the chimneys of houses, but tall chimneys of factories of all kinds, from which volumes of blackness rolled all day, and sometimes, it seemed, all night.

Then there came a cruel day for the Hawthorn Tree.

It had noticed that not far from it — in a place it could quite easily see — something was being built — a large building. Men were at work constantly. At length it began to grow taller in one part than in another, much taller.

One day at noon some men passed, talking.

“The factory’s chimney is going on,” said one.

“Yes,” said the other, “they expect to finish it and set to work soon,” and they went their way.

“It is a chimney,” said the Hawthorn Tree, “a factory chimney!”

It was just putting out its first blossoms,

and those that opened that day had no pink on them at all; they were quite white.

By the time the tree was in full bloom the factory chimney was finished, and then it began work. How the black smoke rolled out, and darkened the blue sky and touched the edges of the fleecy, snow-white little young clouds with dingy yellow.

And, alas! it was not long before the Hawthorn Tree felt something begin to fall lightly on its blossoms, on its fresh snow-white and pink innocent blossoms; its lovely, tender, fragrant blossoms.

"What is it?" it cried, trembling. "It is black, and like very small flakes of black snow." Then the cruel truth flashed upon it.

"It is soot!" it cried.

The Hawthorn Tree burst into tears.

"There is a great deal of dew this morning," said some one who stood under the branches.

Its blossoms had grown fewer and fewer every spring from the first; they could not live in the poisoned air, and at last there had come a spring when there had been none

at all, and from that time the Hawthorn was a hopelessly sorrowful tree, and if it had not had a kind heart, it would have died itself. But it struggled on in the midst of the dirt and misery, though it could not put forth as many leaves as it used to, and some of its branches died. The truth was that it had been led to make the struggle through a very sad, simple story.

One morning there had staggered and fallen under its poor shade a little shuddering, sobbing child, such a thin, white-faced little thing, with such a woeful look in its hungry blue eyes, and with the marks of cruel stripes and bruises showing through its rags. It lay and sobbed and shivered until the Hawthorn shivered, too, and at last, because it could do nothing else, dropped two or three of its leaves upon its cheek. The child moved, and, by chance, the little leaves fell into its hand. Who knows but that all the Hawthorn's wishing and sympathy had given the poor little leaves some touch of the magic charm of love?

The child looked at them through her tears; the rain had washed them to a fresher

green than usual, and to a child who had never seen the country grass and flowers, they seemed so pretty. After she had looked at them a few minutes, she stopped crying, then she sat up and began to scratch at the earth with her fingers. The tree wondered if she were going to make dirt pies, but she was not. She made little squares of the soft dirt, and stuck the stems of the leaves in them. Perhaps sometimes she had wandered far enough into the better part of the city to see a square or garden, and she was trying to make something like it.

"I mustn't die," said the Hawthorn Tree tearfully to itself when at last she went away. "It is quite plain that I mustn't die. The—the children need me, even though I can't blossom." It would have been cut down without doubt, but that it chanced to stand on a small square of ground whose owners were rich and unbusinesslike enough to forget that it belonged to them.

Because it was neglected and seemed to belong to no one, as the neighborhood be-

came worse and worse, this inclosure became such a hideous prison for the poor Hawthorn Tree as would in the end have been its death if rescue had not come.

Not far from the loathsome, barren plot of ground where the Hawthorn lived its sad life, there was a church. It was not a beautiful church, and certainly not a fashionable one; but it had a rector, and his rectory was a quaint house across the street, only a short distance from the Hawthorn Tree.

"That poor old Hawthorn Tree," said the rector's wife one day, "what a horrible, desolate life for it! The wonder is that it did not die long ago. And yet it struggles to put out a few green leaves every year."

"It is marvelous that any green thing can live there," said the rector. "One often wonders at the courage of the poor bits of plants that somehow manage to live and feebly bloom in their rough pots or boxes in the windows of some poor child or woman living in one room up a wretched court. If that spot could be cleansed, fenced

in, and given up to the poor old Hawthorn Tree to die peaceably in — or, if the poor thing might live, and even have some other humble green thing near it — how it would purify the whole street.”

He ended the words almost with a start, as if some sudden thought had struck him.

“That they should even see some simple fresh thing putting forth its leaves and growing in their midst would be a good thing,” he said, “if it could only be — ah, if !”

And this was the beginning of the Hawthorn Tree’s new life — these few sentences which awakened a bold thought in the rector’s mind — a thought which ripened into a bold plan. A few months afterwards the Hawthorn Tree saw a new thing happen. The rector came over with some workmen, and these workmen began to clear away the heaps of filth and rubbish from the piece of ground, and after this had been done they roughly, but strongly, repaired the tumble-down fence, so that people could not pass through the gaps.

And at last — but it was after the rector had worked very hard indeed in all sorts of

ways — there came a day when more workmen arrived and began to work in such a way as made the Hawthorn Tree quite sure its last hour had come. They began to dig in the hard beaten earth, they dug deep into it with picks and broke it with spades.

“But why don’t they cut me down first?” said the poor sad tree; “surely they have forgotten me, and they will do it soon.”

The second day the rector came into the ground and stood among them, talking and giving orders, and at last he turned round.

“Loosen the earth well around the roots of that old tree; I want to give it a chance to live,” he said. “It has held its own bravely enough, poor old thing. If it lives, it will be the first tree in the garden.”

“The garden,” said the Hawthorn Tree, “a garden; oh! what does he mean? A chance to live! I am not to be cut down! What are they going to do?”

It found a reason for living, as it looked on day after day and listened and learned about the rector’s plan.

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It took time to carry it out, a time long enough to allow much work to be done, to allow grass to grow, young trees and flowers to be planted and thrive, paths to be laid out, and such things to be accomplished as the Hawthorn Tree could not have believed could ever be done.

For the rector had worked until he had managed with the aid of those who listened without laughing at his plan, and indeed with the aid of some who had smiled at first, to get possession of the deserted ground which had been a place so awful, and worse than desolate. And with the aid of time and wonderful energy and planning he had transformed it into a fresh, sweet, blooming, restful place, where the brown sparrows twittered, and all sorts of green and bright things grew, and the little children who had never seen such things before came in to wander about and watch them growing day by day, and wonder at and delight in them. And the rector called it the People's Garden.

FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT. *Abridged.*

WHO IS SILVIA?

Who is Silvia? What is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
The heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admirèd be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness:
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness;
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE DAUGHTER OF THE CUSTODIAN

THE guidebook mentions only her father, but we did not see her father; we saw only her, and I was glad it was so. I dare say her father is a very nice old Roman peasant,

but she performed his duties in a much more interesting way than he could have done, I am sure, and she was such a pretty sweet-voiced, friendly, smiling little thing that it was a pleasure to walk around the old Roman cemetery guided by her, and listening to her soft Italian chatter.

It was chatter, and bright childish chatter, too, and one certainly never saw a brighter pair of dark eyes or a happier little face, and yet she lives under the shadow of the dark cypresses in an old deserted graveyard.

It is in the old Protestant cemetery outside Rome that she lives, in the small house just near the big iron gates, which are always kept locked until some visitor rings the queerly tinkling little bell which hangs outside, and either the child or her father, the custodian, goes to open it, and shows the strangers the graves they have come to see.

It is quite an old cemetery. It was laid out at the beginning of the century, but is no longer used to bury people in, but strangers who are in Rome — particularly

English and Americans — nearly all go there just to stand and look at two graves.

They are the graves of two great English poets, both of whom had sad lives, both of whom died sad deaths, and both of whom all the world knows and all the world remembers.

They are the poets Shelley and Keats. It was these graves which I went to see and which the custodian's little daughter guided me to with my English lady friend and my Italian companion.

It was a lovely day in the very early spring when we drove out to the cemetery, but in spite of the sunshine it looked rather dark under all the tall cypresses, as our carriage stopped before the gate.

We got out of the carriage and pulled the chain; the bell gave its queer, cracked tinkle, and almost immediately the little girl came out of the house and ran towards us with a big key.

She opened the gates and stood smiling up at us as we entered. It was evident that her father was away, and that she had been left to perform his duties.

"Buon giorno, Signore," she said sweetly, and we all three smiled back at her and said, "Buon giorno," in return.

She was not more than eight or nine years old at the most, and at first I thought that as she was so young she, perhaps, might not know the name of Shelley, or might not remember it, as it was English and she was used to hearing only Italian words.

But I need not have had any doubts. The moment my companion spoke of the "Poeta inglese" her pretty little face lighted up and her bright dark eyes smiled more brightly than ever.

"Sì, sì, Signora!" she exclaimed. "Shelli — Shelli!"

She made it an Italian name — giving it an Italian termination, but it was clear that she knew all about it.

She led the way, running lightly before us up a rather steep path between the graves, until she turned a corner and presently stopped triumphantly before a deserted-looking nook near a dark gray moss and lichen covered wall.

"Shelli," she said, waving her little hand and smiling brilliantly, "Shelli."

And before us, among the graves and under the cypresses, there was a slab of dark granite fitted into the earth, and all that I remember now of the inscription (which I think was in Latin) is the name Percy Bysshe Shelley. Those of the children who know of this poet will remember how he was overtaken by a squall while in a boat with his friend at sea, and how his body was afterwards washed ashore in the Bay of Spezia, and burned there on a funeral pyre on the sands, his friend Lord Byron looking on as mourner. But his heart would not burn, and it is his heart only which lies under the stone slab in that shady corner outside Rome — his strange, wild, ardent, often troubled poet's heart. It prompted him to do many things which were against the world's laws and which the world blames, but I have always thought that in the depths of this heart, which would not burn when his body fell to ashes, he truly believed — whether he was mistaken or not — that he was right.

We stood in the cypress-shadowed corner for a while, looking at the grave and talking to each other about it, our small guide regarding us with great interest, and now and then volunteering some friendly explanation in Italian.

"Ask her if there is any other grave here that the *forestieri* wish to see," I said to my companion.

She looked as animated as she had done when we asked her about Shelley. She looked as if she were quite delighted at having something else to show us which we should be sure to be interested in.

"Keatsi," she said in her droll little Italian way. "Keatsi."

"She means Keats," I exclaimed. "I did not know that his grave was in this particular cemetery."

It was not in this particular cemetery it seemed. This was the "Old Cemetery," but there was the other cemetery only a few yards away, and the grave of "Keatsi," as she called him, was there.

We said good-by to the slab of granite and followed her down the steep path again

and through the iron gateway, across the road, and over some grass until we came to a curious, narrow entrance which led us into the "altro cimitero." Quite near the entrance were two graves with white headstones, side by side, and very close together.

"Keatsi," said the custodian's little daughter, pointing to the nearest, and her pretty exultant smile showed that she at least did not know anything of the sad story of the broken poet's heart that had long ago changed to dust beneath.

There was no name written on this headstone; only these sorrowful words:—

"This grave contains all that was mortal of a young English poet, who, on his deathbed, in the bitterness of his heart, desired these words to be engraved on his tombstone—

" 'Here lies one whose name was writ in water.' "

His was such a cruel story. He was so young, so sensitive, so full of dreams and ambitions. He himself must have known *surely* that immortal genius burned in his heart and brain, and that from glowing genius all his dreaming sprang. He poured

forth his whole life and strength into his work, and then, as the sole return, suffered the mortal anguish of seeing it scorned, derided, and condemned by the inhospitable, uncomprehending world. Then a fatal disease — consumption, that most cruel and hopeless disease of all — slowly drained his life and courage to the dregs. At first he struggled against it — perhaps he could not believe that this last blow had really come, it must have seemed too hard — but when he died in Rome, alone save for his one true, generous friend, his spirit was broken, his poet wings hung shattered, he could hope and dream no more.

“Let it be graven on my tombstone,” he said in weary bitterness, “‘Here lies one whose name was writ in water.’”

It seemed to him that his life, his labor, his genius, had all gone for nothing — they would not even leave a ripple on the great sweeping river of Time. And yet he had so suffered and so fiercely aspired. If he had only known what Fame would give to him too late, that pilgrim feet would stand by his grave without a name, that the name not

written on the plain headstone would blaze in letters of golden fire on the page where only the names of the Immortals burn!

And by his side — close by his side — lies that one generous, faithful friend who was true to him and tried to comfort him through all his anguish and loneliness, when he was poor, despised, and desolate, when he went down into the Valley of the Shadow of Death, in a foreign land, helpless and otherwise, as it seemed, utterly alone.

It seemed so fitting that he should lie there, — so beautiful. It is such a great and noble thing to be a faithful friend. Surely there can be nothing greater and sweeter than to be this one lovable thing. To be faithful and a comfort through failure, grief, misfortune, discouragement, illness, even to the gates of death. All this Joseph Severn was to John Keats, and because of this, his name, too, is written in gold upon the page of the immortal ones. One cannot remember the one without the other, one cannot lay flowers upon the grave of one without scattering them upon the turf growing above the kind, true heart of the other.

The kind, faithful heart is as great as
the marvelous genius which so burned and
glowed that it can never be forgotten.

FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT. *Abridged.*

SAY NOT, THE STRUGGLE NAUGHT
AVAILETH

SAY not, the struggle naught availeth,
The labor and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light,
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly!
But westward, look, the land is bright.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

THE BLIND MAN AND THE TALKING
DOG

THERE was once an old man whom Fortune (whose own eyes are bandaged) had deprived of his sight. She had taken his hearing also, so that he was deaf. Poor he had always been, and as Time had stolen his youth and strength from him, they had only left a light burden for death to carry when he should come the old man's way.

But Love (who is blind also) had given the Blind Man a Dog, who led him out in the morning to a seat in the sun under the crab tree, and held his hat for wayside alms, and brought him safely home at sunset.

The Dog was wise and faithful, — as dogs often are, — but the wonder of him was that he could talk. In which will be seen the difference between dogs and men, most of whom can talk; whilst it is a matter for admiration if they are wise and faithful.

One day the Mayor's little son came down the road, and by the hand he held his playmate Aldegunda.

"Give the poor blind man a penny," said she.

"You are always wanting me to give away my money," replied the boy, peevishly. "It is well that my father is the richest man in the town, and that I have a whole silver crown yet in my pocket."

But he put the penny into the hat which the Dog held out, and the Dog gave it to his master.

"Heaven bless you," said the Blind Man.

"Amen," said the Dog.

"Aldegunda! Aldegunda!" cried the boy, dancing with delight. "Here's a dog who can talk. I would give my silver crown for him. Old man, I say, old man! Will you sell me your dog for a silver crown?"

"My master is deaf as well as blind," said the Dog.

"What a miserable old creature he must be," said the boy, compassionately.

"Men do not smile when they are miserable, do they?" said the Dog; "and my master smiles sometimes — when the sun warms right through our coats to our bones; when he feels the hat shake against his

knee as the pennies drop in ; and when I lick his hand."

"But for all that, he is a poor, wretched old beggar, in want of everything," persisted the boy. "Now I am the Mayor's only son, and he is the richest man in the town. Come and live with me, and I will give the Blind Man my silver crown. I should be perfectly happy if I had a talking dog of my own."

"It is worth thinking of," said the Dog. "I should certainly like a master who was perfectly happy. You are sure that there is nothing else that you wish for?"

"I wish I were a man," replied the boy. "To do exactly as I choose, and have plenty of money to spend, and holidays all the year round."

"That sounds well," said the Dog. "Perhaps I had better wait till you grow up. There is nothing else that you want, I suppose?"

"I want a horse," said the boy, "a real black charger. My father ought to know that I am too old for a hobbyhorse. It vexes me to look at it."

"I must wait for the charger, I see," said the Dog. "Nothing vexes you but the hobbyhorse, I hope?"

"Aldegunda vexes me more than anything," answered the boy, with an aggrieved air; "and it's very hard when I am so fond of her. She always tumbles down when we run races, her legs are so short. It's her birthday to-day, but she toddles as badly as she did yesterday, though she's a year older."

"She will have learned to run by the time that you are a man," said the Dog. "So nice a little lady can give you no other cause of annoyance, I am sure?"

The boy frowned.

"She is always wanting something. She wants something now, I see. What do you want, Aldegunda?"

"I wish —" said Aldegunda, timidly, "I should like — the blind man to have the silver crown, and for us to keep the penny, if you can get it back out of the hat."

"That's just the way you go on," said the boy, angrily. "You always think differently from me. Now remember, Aldegunda, I

won't marry you when you grow big, unless you agree with what I do, like the wife in the story of 'What the Goodman does is, sure to be right.'"

On hearing this, Aldegunda sobbed till she burst the strings of her hat, and the boy had to tie them afresh.

"I won't marry you at all if you cry," said he.

But at that she only cried the more, and they went away bickering into the green lanes.

As to the old man, he had heard nothing; and when the dog licked his withered hand, he smiled.

Many a time did the boy return with his playmate to try to get the Talking Dog. But the dog always asked if he had yet got all that he wanted, and, being an honorable child, the boy was too truthful to say that he was content when he was not.

"The day that you want nothing more but me I will be your dog," it said. "Unless, indeed, my present master should have attained perfect happiness before you."

"I am not afraid of that," said the boy.

In time the Mayor died, and his widow moved to her native town and took her son with her.

Years passed, and the Blind Man lived on; for when one gets very old and keeps very quiet in his little corner of the world, Death seems sometimes to forget to remove him.

Years passed, and the Mayor's son became a man, and was strong and rich, and had a fine black charger. Aldegunda grew up also. She was very beautiful, wonderfully beautiful, and Love (who is blind) gave her to her old playmate.

The wedding was a fine one, and when it was over, the bridegroom mounted his black charger and took his bride behind him, and rode away into the green lanes.

"Ah, what delight!" he said. "Now we will ride through the town where we lived when we were children; and if the Blind Man is still alive, you shall give him a silver crown; and if the Talking Dog is alive, I shall claim him, for to-day I am perfectly happy and want nothing."

Aldegunda thought to herself — "We are

so happy, and have so much, that I do not like to take the Blind Man's dog from him ;" but she did not dare to say so. One — if not two — must bear and forbear to be happy, even on one's wedding day.

By and by they rode under the crab tree, but the seat was empty. "What has become of the Blind Man?" the Mayor's son asked of a peasant who was near.

"He died two days ago," said the peasant. "He is buried to-day, and the priest and the chanters are now returning from the grave."

"And the Talking Dog?" asked the young man.

"He is at the grave now," said the peasant. "But he has neither spoken nor eaten since his master died."

"We have come in the nick of time," said the young man, triumphantly, and he rode to the churchyard.

By the grave was the dog, as the man had said, and up the winding path came the priest and his young chanters, who sang with shrill, clear voices — "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

"Come and live with me, now your old master is gone," said the young man, stooping over the dog. But he made no reply.

"I think he is dead, sir," said the gravedigger.

"I don't believe it," said the young man, fretfully. "He was an Enchanted Dog, and he promised I should have him when I could say what I am ready to say now. He should have kept his promise."

But Aldegunda had taken the dog's cold head into her arms, and her tears fell fast over it. "You forgot," she said; "he only promised to come to you when you were happy, if his old master were not happier first; and perhaps, —"

"I remember that you always disagree with me," said the young man, impatiently. "You always did do so. Tears on our wedding day, too! I suppose the truth is that no one is happy."

Aldegunda made no answer, for it is not from those one loves that he will willingly learn that with a selfish and imperious temper happiness never dwells.

And as they rode away again into the

green lanes, the shrill voices of the chanters followed them — "Blessed are the dead. Blessed are the dead."

JULIANA HORATIA EWING.

THE THREE BELLS

BENEATH the low-hung night cloud
That raked her splintering mast
The good ship settled slowly,
The cruel leak gained fast.

Over the awful ocean
Her signal guns pealed out.
Dear God! was that Thy answer
From the horror round about?

A voice came down the wild wind,
"Ho! ship ahoy!" its cry:
"Our stout Three Bells of Glasgow
Shall lay till daylight by!"

Hour after hour crept slowly,
Yet on the heaving swells
Tossed up and down the ship lights,
The lights of the Three Bells!

And ship to ship made signals,
Man answered back to man,
While oft, to cheer and hearten,
The Three Bells nearer ran ;

And the captain from her taffrail
Sent down his hopeful cry :
"Take heart! Hold on!" he shouted.
"The Three Bells shall lay by!"

All night across the waters
The tossing lights shone clear ;
All night from reeling taffrail
The Three Bells sent her cheer.

And when the dreary watches
Of storm and darkness passed,
Just as the wreck lurched under,
All souls were saved at last.

Sail on, Three Bells, forever,
In grateful memory sail !
Ring on, Three Bells of rescue,
Above the wave and gale !

Type of the Love eternal,
Repeat the Master's cry,
As tossing through our darkness
The lights of God draw nigh !

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

ROBERT FULTON

AT seventeen, his father having died, this precocious youth established himself in Philadelphia as a miniature painter. He returned on his twenty-first birthday to his early home, with the means in his pocket of rendering his mother independent for life. That pious deed performed, he sailed for England, to seek instruction in his art at the hands of his father's friend, Benjamin West. When he left America, poor John Fitch had not yet completed his first steam-boat; but his plans had been published, his company formed, and the boat begun. We may be absolutely certain that a young man like Fulton, with one of the best mechanical heads in the world, full of curiosity with regard to the mechanic arts from his childhood, must have well known what John Fitch was doing.

The great painter received the son of his father's friend with open arms, accepted him as a pupil, and lodged him at his house in London for several years. Fulton, however, never became a great artist. He was an excellent draughtsman, a good colorist, and a diligent workman; but he had not the artist's imagination or temperament. His mind was mechanical; he loved to contrive, to invent, to construct; and we find him, accordingly, withdrawing from art, and busying himself, more and more, with mechanics; until, at length, he adopted the profession of civil engineer. His last effort as an artist was the painting of a panorama, exhibited at Paris in 1797, which he afterward sold in order to raise money to pursue his experiments with steam.

Robert Fulton could never claim to be the inventor of the steamboat. It is, nevertheless, to his knowledge of mechanics, and to his resolution and perseverance, that the world is indebted for the final triumph of that invention.

Recent investigations enable us to show the chain of events which led him to embark

in this enterprise. His attention was first called to the subject in Philadelphia, by the operations of John Fitch, in 1785 and 1786. Next, fifteen years after, Fulton visited a steamboat in Scotland, which, though unsuccessful, was really propelled by the power of steam for short distances, at the rate of six miles an hour. To please the stranger, who showed an extreme curiosity to witness its operation, this boat was set in motion, and Fulton made drawings of the machinery. A year or two after, he was in France again, where he made the acquaintance of the gentleman who had in his possession the papers left in France by John Fitch, which contained full details of his plans for applying steam to the propulsion of vessels. We have the testimony of this gentleman that the papers and drawings of John Fitch remained in the possession of Robert Fulton for "several months." Aided thus by the knowledge and experience of previous inventors, enjoying the immense advantage of the improved steam engine of James Watt, being himself an excellent mechanic and a very superior draughtsman,

having the appearance and manners of a gentleman, and an extensive acquaintance with the leading men of his time, he began the execution of his task with advantages possessed by no previous experimenter in steamboats.

But even these would not have availed if he had not had the good fortune to find a wealthy coöperator. Chancellor Livingstone, of New York, was then the American Minister at the Court of Napoleon. Besides being a man of large estate, he was a man of public spirit, with a strong interest in practical improvements. Chancellor Livingstone, to his immortal honor, became first the friend, then the patron, and finally the partner of Robert Fulton.

In 1803 the first steamboat of Livingstone and Fulton was built in France upon the Seine. When she was almost ready for the experimental trip, a misfortune befell her, which would have dampened the ardor of a man less determined than Fulton. As he was rising one morning after a sleepless night, a messenger from the boat, with horror and despair written upon his

countenance, burst into his presence, exclaiming:—

“Oh, sir! the boat has broken in pieces and gone to the bottom!”

For a moment Fulton was utterly overwhelmed. Never in his whole life, he used to say, was he so near despairing as then. Hastening to the river, he found, indeed, that the weight of the machinery had broken the framework of the vessel, and she lay on the bottom of the river, in plain sight, a mass of timber and iron. Instantly, with his own hands, he began the work of raising her, and kept at it, without food or rest, for twenty-four hours, — an exertion which permanently injured his health. His death in the prime of life was, in all probability, remotely caused by the excitement, exposure, and toil of that terrible day and night.

In a few weeks the boat, sixty-six feet long and eight wide, was rebuilt, and the submerged engine replaced in her. The National Institute of France and a great concourse of Parisians witnessed her trial trip in July, 1803. The result was encouraging, but not brilliant. The boat moved

slowly along the tranquil Seine, amid the acclamations of the multitude; but the quick eye of Fulton at once discerned that the machinery was defective and inadequate, and that, in order to give the invention a fair trial, it was necessary to begin anew, to procure an engine far more powerful and a boat better adapted to the purpose. As Chancellor Livingstone was about to return home, it was resolved that the next attempt should be made at New York; and an engine for the purpose was ordered from the manufactory at Birmingham of Watt and Boulton.

In September, 1807, the famous *Clermont*, one hundred and sixty tons, was completed. Monday, September 10, was the day appointed for a grand trial trip to Albany, and by noon a vast crowd had assembled on the wharf to witness the performance of what was popularly called "Fulton's Folly." Fulton himself declares that at noon on that day, not thirty persons in the city had the slightest faith in the success of the steamboat; and that, as the boat was putting off, he heard many "sarcastic remarks." At one

o'clock, however, she moved from the dock, — vomiting smoke and sparks from her pine-wood fires, and casting up clouds of spray from her uncovered paddle wheels. As her speed increased, the jeers of the incredulous were silenced, and soon the departing voyagers caught the sound of cheers. In a few minutes, however, the boat was observed to stop, which gave a momentary triumph to the scoffers. Fulton perceived that the paddles, being too long, took too much hold of the water, and he stopped the boat for the purpose of shortening them. This was soon done, and the boat resumed her voyage with increased speed, and kept on her course all that day, all the succeeding night, and all the next morning, until at one o'clock on Tuesday she stopped at the home of Chancellor Livingstone, one hundred and ten miles from New York. There she remained until the next morning at nine, when she continued her voyage toward Albany, where she arrived at five in the afternoon. Her running time was thirty-two hours, which is at the rate of nearly five miles an hour. Returning immediately to New York, she

performed the distance in thirty hours ; exactly five miles an hour.

The *Clermont* was immediately put upon the river as a packet boat, and plied between New York and Albany until the close of navigation, being always crowded with passengers. Enlarged during the winter, she resumed her trips in the spring of 1808, and continued to run with great success and with profit to her owners.

It was long, however, before the river boatmen were disposed to tolerate this new and terrible rival. At first, it is said, they fled in affright from the vicinity of the monster, fearing to be set on fire or run down by her. Afterward, regaining their courage, they made so many attempts to destroy her that the Legislature of the State passed a special act for her protection.

Fulton devoted the rest of his life to the improvement of the steamboat. He lived to see the value of his labors universally recognized, and he acquired by them a considerable fortune. He died February 24, 1815, aged fifty years, leaving a wife and four children, two of whom are still living

in New York. He was able to leave his wife an income of nine thousand dollars a year, as well as five hundred dollars a year for each of his children until they were twelve years old, and a thousand dollars a year afterward till they were twenty-one. So, at least, runs his will written a year before his death. His remains lie in Trinity churchyard, in the city of New York.

Robert Fulton was, in every respect, an honor to his country and his profession. Tall, handsome, and well-bred, he easily made friends, whose regard he retained by his sincerity, generosity, and good humor. His crowning virtue was that indomitable resolution which enabled him to bear patiently the most cruel disappointments, and to hold calmly on his way till he had conquered a sublime success.

JAMES PARTON.

THE STORY OF THE CHAMELEON

Two travelers, as they journeyed along, found themselves disputing about the color of the chameleon. It seemed impossible

for them to agree. One said that it was blue. He was sure of this, for he had seen it on a bare branch of a tree on a very clear day. But the other affirmed that it was green. He, too, was very positive, because he had seen it on the leaf of a fig tree, and had examined it very carefully. Both men were sure that they were right, and they disputed so earnestly that it looked as though they might soon be engaged in a quarrel.

Fortunately a third man came along, and the two men agreed to consult him about the color of the chameleon.

"Well," said the third man, "I can easily settle your dispute. Just last night I caught one, and of course I know what its color is." And, smiling with satisfaction, he remarked that its color was black.

"No! No!" exclaimed both men. "That is impossible. You are mistaken."

But he was sure that he was right and said: "We can easily decide the matter. As soon as I caught the chameleon I put it in a small box. Here it is." And he took the box from his pocket and opened it.

But it was neither blue, nor green, nor black. It was white! All of the men were amazed. They couldn't understand how the little reptile could be white. They were not aware of the fact that the chameleon changes color under different circumstances. So that each man was right, but each was wrong, also.

And the fable says that the chameleon, when it saw how astonished the men were, exhorted them to be more modest and temperate in their opinions thenceforth.

Æsop.

HANNIBAL

HANNIBAL was the son of Hamilcar Barca, a Carthaginian chief who hated the Romans, and led the Carthaginian party that insisted on war with them. Hannibal was born in the very year when his father was appointed to the Carthaginian forces in Sicily. He did not succeed there, and the Carthaginians lost Sicily. Hamilcar went to Spain afterwards as the Carthaginian commander there. He took the boy Hannibal with him, though he was but nine years

old. And it was then that he made him swear eternal hatred to the Romans at the altar in Carthage. Hannibal never forgot this. He told the story of it to Antiochus, not long before his own death. Here is his own account of it:—

“When I was a little boy not more than nine years old, my father offered sacrifices to Jupiter the Best and Greatest, on his departure from Carthage as general in Spain. While he was conducting the sacrifice, he asked me if I would like to go to the camp with him. I said I would gladly, and began to beg him not to hesitate to take me. He replied, ‘I will do it if you will make the promise I demand.’ He took me at once to the altar, at which he had offered his sacrifice; he bade me take hold of it, having sent the others away, and bade me swear that I would never be in friendship with the Romans.”

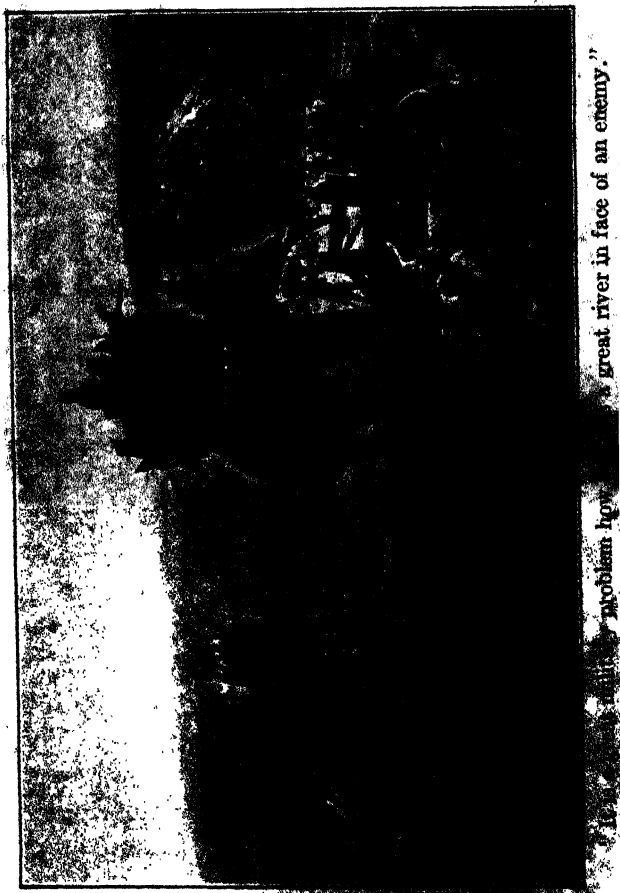
To this boy's vow he was always true. He could not have had a better school for war than was Spain, nor a better teacher than his father. The Carthaginians were establishing their colonies in the southern

part of Spain, the Romans were strengthening their allies in the northern part. The river Ebro, which they called Iberus, had been agreed upon as a dividing line between the two empires. The Spanish tribes were by no means easy under their foreign rulers, and were constantly rebelling. Hannibal loved the open air, and he loved war. He was indifferent to personal luxury. He did not sleep because it was night, but because his work was done. He did not rise from bed because it was morning, but because he had something to do. So they say he was indifferent to day or night. His dress was always simple, but his arms and his horses were always of the best. When he was so young as to be under command, he was always a favorite with his superiors, and then and afterwards he was always a favorite with his army. It seems to have been taken for granted from the beginning that he was to be a great commander. He commanded the Carthaginian cavalry when he was eighteen years old, and took command of the whole army on his father's death, when he was hardly twenty-five or twenty-six.

When he took his army across the Alps, he was hardly older than Napoleon was when he did the same thing twenty centuries after.

So soon as he had an army at his command he pounced on Saguntum, a city in alliance with the Romans. Saguntum had been founded by Greek colonists who came from Zacynthus, from which it derives its name. There is a Spanish village at the place now called Murviedro, which word is the remainder of the Latin words *muri veteres*, "the old walls." After a most obstinate defense, Saguntum was totally destroyed and Hannibal immediately proceeded to march against Rome.

He propitiated the tribes in Gaul who did not like the Romans any too well. He crossed the Rhone with his army in face of the advance guard of the Romans. It is a great military problem how to cross a great river in face of an enemy, and any boy will be interested in seeing how Hannibal brought his large army forward, especially his forty elephants. Keeping well inland, so as to avoid the Roman army near the coast, he approached the Alps, which he was deter-



great river in face of an enemy."

It is a problem how

mined to cross before winter. His success in bringing his army over, though with loss, is regarded as one of the great achievements in war.

Livy's account of it is picturesque. But I — who sometimes believe that I have been over the same pass, at the same season of the year, namely, October — think Livy made his account rather from some *hard* experience of his own in the mountains than from any chronicles which had lasted two hundred and fifty years. It is in this story that the famous account comes in of their cutting through the rocks by heating them and pouring on vinegar.

“The soldiers being then set to make a way down the cliff, by which alone a passage could be effected, and it being necessary that they should cut through the rocks, having felled, and lopped, a great number of large trees, which grew around, they made a huge pile of timber; and as soon as a strong wind fit for exciting the flames arose, they set fire to it, and, pouring vinegar on the heated stones, they render them soft and crumbling. They then open a way

with iron instruments through the rock thus heated by the fire, and soften its declivities by gentle windings, so that not only the beasts of burden, but also the elephants, could be led down it."

Now if you ask me what I think about this, I should say that Hannibal was a much better engineer than Livy. He undoubtedly had with his army the best engineers of the time, who knew the best processes of the time for quarrying and reducing rock. Given the problem, which was to improve the mountain trail so that an army of seventy thousand men might descend from the summit in four days, they undoubtedly did things that very much surprised the natives. Among those things such enterprises as this of heating and cracking rock would have been most likely to be remembered by tradition. And, if the use of vinegar or any other acids came into the quarrying of that time, the mountaineers would very naturally have remembered it.

But I should not advise any member of the Appalachian Club who wanted to improve the pass through Carter's Notch,

which in my judgment needs improvement, to rely on a bottle of vinegar.

By the time the army was in the plains of Lombardy, it was much reduced. Hannibal had started from Saguntum with a good force, but he had sent back many; some, I suppose, had deserted in Gaul, and in the passes of the Alps he had lost great numbers. What he had, however, were picked men, and in the spring, refreshed by their winter in the country, they met Flaminius with his army of Romans. The Carthaginians were hardened and trained by their winter's experience. The Romans, though they had been worsted at Trebia and the Po, were confident with true Roman conceit. But they had been recruited at a time when, according to Livy, the Romans were more sunk in sloth and unfit for war than ever. Flaminius himself was headstrong and rash, and Hannibal fooled him to his ruin. When you go to Italy, you will not find it hard to see the "reedy lake of Thrasymentis," where the Roman army was ruined and Flaminius killed. You can see it from the railway as you ride from Florence to Rome. . . .

The Roman people were like all nations who have not had recent experience of war at home, and when they saw their legions march out well appointed, they had been quite sure of victory. Of a sudden one straggler, returning, announced what they could not bear to believe, that their consul was dead and their army routed. It was then and thus that this city of Rome began to feel the pressure of that long war, which lasted sixteen years, while Hannibal ravaged one part of Italy and another. It was the beginning of the training which was to cure Rome, for the moment, of her luxury and to lift her, for the time, from her degeneracy.

You have heard it said that the luxuries of Capua, the chief city of Campania, were really what defeated Hannibal. It has become a proverbial expression to say of any luxury which destroys a successful man, that it is his "Capua." But I think the best opinion of the best military men relieves Hannibal from the charge implied in this sneer. It is very easy for you and me, sitting at our ease here two thousand and one hun-

dred years after all this happened, to say that, after routing the Roman army at Thrasymene, he should have marched directly on Rome and destroyed it. But he certainly knew his business better than we do. He passed by Rome into Campania, and made his headquarters for a time at Capua. For the next fifteen years and more he did very much what he chose in Italy, often advancing to the very walls of Rome, but never strong enough to storm a city where by this time every man was a soldier, nor to blockade it so as to starve it into submission. In this time he partially regained the command of Sicily, which the Carthaginians had lost after the first Punic War. He was cruelly disappointed, and the fate of the world was changed when Claudius Nero, the Roman commander in the north of Italy, defeated Hasdrubal, Hannibal's brother, who was bringing him reinforcements. Nero sent Hasdrubal's head into Hannibal's camp, and when he saw it, he sighed and said, "I see the fate of Carthage."

The end came when Cornelius Scipio built a Roman fleet, carried an army across to

Africa, and threatened Carthage itself. It is from this bold enterprise that we take our proverb, "He carried the war into Africa." The Carthaginian senate could not endure to the end. They began sending for Hannibal, who at first would not come. At last he came, and the great battle of Zama followed, one of the critical battles of the history of the world. Whatever advantage the Carthaginians had was in their cavalry. Their force of infantry was inferior to that of the Romans. But the Romans had for allies the Numidians, people who lived in the country which we now call Morocco. It is one of the most productive countries in the world. If it had a decent government, it would be the granary of Europe to-day. Now the Numidian horse and their force of elephants were more than a match for those of the Carthaginians. The battle began by a conflict in which the Numidians swept the Carthaginian cavalry out of the field. The Roman infantry then pressed on the Carthaginian infantry. They stood the attack at first, but when the Numidian cavalry returned and joined in the attack, the Cartha-

ginian army gave way — and Hannibal's career of victory was ended.

He told the Carthaginian senate that all was lost, and they made such terms as Romans would grant to the conquered. Poor Hannibal could not long remain in Carthage. He was one of the chief magistrates there for a year or two. But one party there hated him worse than the Romans hated him. He, however, addressed the people of Carthage and taught them that it was necessary. He said in his first address to them, "Having left you when nine years old, I have returned after an absence of thirty-six years." He had never been in his own country since he was a child.

He knew that the Romans would wish to make him a prisoner. He sailed at once to Syria, where he intrusted himself to Antiochus the Third, one of the successors, after nearly a century, of Alexander the Great. He served Antiochus faithfully till the Romans so pressed him that he was forced to give up his guest, and Hannibal retired to Bithynia. Here, again, the Romans followed him up. They could not be

at ease while he lived, and Flaminius was sent to Prusias, king of Bithynia, to demand his surrender. Prusias was mean enough to send troops for his arrest. When Hannibal found his escape was cut off, he took poison and died.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE. *Abridged.*

WHATEVER THE WEATHER MAY BE

“WHATEVER the weather may be,” says he—

“Whatever the weather may be,
It’s plaze, if ye will, an’ I’ll say me say,—
Supposin’ to-day was the winterest day,
Wud the weather be changing because ye
cried,

Or the snow be grass were ye crucified?
The best is to make yer own summer,” says
he,

“Whatever the weather may be,” says he—

“Whatever the weather may be!

“Whatever the weather may be,” says he—

“Whatever the weather may be,
It’s the songs ye sing, an’ the smiles ye
wear,

That's a-makin' the sun shine everywhere;
 An' the world of gloom is a world of glee,
 Wid the bird in the bush, an' the bud in
 the tree,
 An' the fruit on the stim o' the bough," says
 he,
 "Whatever the weather may be," says he —
 "Whatever the weather may be!

"Whatever the weather may be," says he —
 "Whatever the weather may be,
 Ye can bring the Spring, wid its green an'
 gold,
 An' the grass in the grove where the snow
 lies cold;
 An' ye'll warm yer back, wid a smiling
 face,
 As ye sit at yer heart, like an owld fire-
 place,
 An' toast the toes o' yer sowl," says he,
 "Whatever the weather may be," says he —
 "Whatever the weather may be!"

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

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THE BUTTER LION

A LITTLE more than a century and a half ago, a child was born among the hills of Asola, Italy. His name was Antonio Canova. When he was three years old, his father died and his mother married again.

Little Antonio went to live with his grandparents, who were very kind to him. Both his father and grandfather were stonecutters. When Antonio was old enough to learn to draw, his grandfather taught him, for he wanted the lad to be an artist. Antonio used to watch his grandfather carve things out of stone, and it was soon evident that the lad wanted to become a sculptor. So his grandfather gave him some tools, and it was not very long before the boy learned to do good work. When he was eight years old, he carved two shrines of Carrara marble, and it was quite plain that he was a boy of unusual talent.

A story is told of him, which explains how it was made possible for him to become a great sculptor.

In the same town lived a man who was

wealthy and held a high position in the State. He was a Senator. Once in a while he would invite his friends to a grand feast. On such occasions Antonio's grandfather was sent for to help to prepare the food, for he was not only a stonecutter, but an excellent cook as well.

One day some friends of the Senator were to dine with him, and Antonio's grandfather was sent for as usual. This time he took the lad with him. Of course a boy as young as he could hardly be expected to help to cook the dinner. Nevertheless he could be useful. He did not stand around idle. He was taught to work, and so he tried to be of service in the kitchen in other ways. And you will soon see how helpful he was.

While the servants were preparing the dinner, a man who was arranging the table let fall a small marble statue that was to stand in the center of it. It broke into a number of pieces. Of course the man was greatly frightened and disturbed. He walked into the kitchen and told the servants what had happened. He said that he did not

know what to do, for he had nothing to put in its place. He was afraid that the Senator would be disappointed and angry.

As the servants were wondering what might be done, Antonio said to the man, "Maybe I can make you a statue to take its place."

"What!" said the man in surprise, and with a little scorn in his voice, "What! do you mean to say that you can make another statue? Even if you could, how would you make it before dinner? Only a short time remains in which it must be done." And the man looked at him in doubt.

But the servants asked the man to let him try. And what do you think he did?

Well, according to the story, there were about two hundred pounds of butter, forming a large square, on the kitchen table. Antonio, who had been taught to carve in stone, took a large knife and began to carve the butter.

And what do you suppose he carved? All the servants were soon amazed to see instead of a large square of butter a splendid lion. The man who had broken the statue

was wild with delight. He lifted the lion on a beautiful platter and placed it at the center of the table.

When the Senator and his guests entered the dining hall, they were surprised to see this strange piece of sculpture. Who could make such a beautiful work of art, they wondered. And they turned to their host to learn the name of the sculptor. But the Senator was just as surprised as they were, and knew just as little about it. He called his servant and bade him tell where such an odd and beautiful statue was secured.

"It was made in the kitchen by Antonio, the young grandson of the stonecutter," said the servant.

The distinguished man and his guests could hardly believe it. As they viewed the lion they admired the lad's work more and more, and after they had sat down Antonio was sent for. A place was made for him at the table, and so delighted were they with the boy's skill that he really became the guest of honor at the dinner. The boy who was the helpful servant in the kitchen was now the most honored person at the feast.

The next day the Senator invited Antonio to make his home with him. He was so impressed by the lad's skill as a sculptor that he felt he ought to have the best instructor possible. He was sure that he would develop into a great artist. So he was placed under the direction of Torello, an excellent sculptor. He studied with him two years. Then he went to Venice and worked under the direction of another famous sculptor who was a nephew of Torello's. He made rapid progress and soon became a very fine artist. Many beautiful works were carved out of marble by him, and to-day he is known all over the world. The willingness of the boy to be helpful in the kitchen opened the way for a successful and illustrious career.

ECHO AND NARCISSUS

WHEN a Greek of the old time went walking in the woods, or among the mountains, or beside the streams that flowed by the steep cliffs, and heard a voice answering his own, he said, "There is Echo." And he thought of this ancient story.

Echo was a fair maiden who was very fond of hunting and of talking. She loved to be in the fields, and among the leafy hills, but she was never still. Her pretty tongue was always going. Nobody who talked with her had the last word. To everything that was said Echo had a reply. Now, hunting and talking do not go well together. The good hunter leaves all the conversation to the birds. So Echo's companions grew impatient of her voice. And, moreover, everybody likes to have an occasional chance at the last word. Echo's friends were weary of her perpetual answering back.

At last, Juno punished the continual talker. "Echo," she said, "you never give other people a chance to say a word. From morning till night you are chattering and chattering. You hardly stop to take a breath. Now listen, from this time you shall always have the last word; but that shall be the only word that you can speak. You must wait until you are spoken to."

So Echo had the last word, but only after some one else had had the first.

Now there was a youth in those parts named Narcissus, a beautiful and most excellent young man, for whom Echo cared much. One day in the woods Narcissus was separated from the other hunters, and he called, "Who's here?" And Echo answered, "Here." "Come!" called Narcissus. "Come!" replied Echo. Still Echo was hidden where Narcissus could not see her. "Why do you shun me?" he asked. "Why do you shun *me*?" she answered. "Let us join one another," said the youth. "Let us join one another," said the maiden.

But Narcissus began to feel that Echo was too willing. He thought that she should be more bashful and retiring. The voice was too quick in replying. So when Echo came to meet him, he told her to keep back. "I am not willing," he said, "that you should have me." Poor Echo! all that she could say was "Have me"; which only made matters worse.

So Narcissus turned about and went away, and Echo was so unhappy that she would not come out of the woods, but stayed there until she starved and starved, and

her bones were changed into rocks, and nothing was left but her voice. There she may be heard any pleasant day, when the wind is right, sitting at the foot of a hill and answering back.

THE KING AND THE SEA

CENTURIES ago kings had so much power that it is not surprising that some of them grew proud and haughty. But we read of one in history who was not a man of this character. On the contrary he was very humble.

This king was a Dane, but he sat on the throne of England. He reigned about a hundred years after King Alfred, and his name was Canute.

The councilors and courtiers who surrounded him in his palace were constantly praising him for his greatness. They told him how mighty he was and that all things must yield to his will. But foolish praise and flattery did not deceive the king. He was not a vain man, and such silly speeches were not pleasing to his ears.

Once, as he sat on the seashore, his offi-

cers were praising him as usual. And, as usual, their flattery was not welcome. So the king thought that here by the sea he had an opportunity to teach them an important lesson. He bade them place his chair on the beach near the water. Then he sat down in the presence of the mighty ocean, and said : —

“ Do you say that of all men I am the greatest ? ”

“ Yes, O King, there are none on all the earth so great as thou.”

“ And,” said the king, “ do all things obey my command ? ”

“ All things yield obedience to thee, O mighty King,” said his officers.

“ Well,” said the king, “ will the sea obey me ? ”

What would his men say to such a question ? There was the mighty sea before them. Its huge billows came rolling toward the shore. There seemed to be no power on earth able to stop them. They broke, and the waves crept up close to the feet of the king. But the foolish officers were afraid to say, “ No.” And they cried : —

“Command the sea, O Sovereign, and it will obey thy voice.”

So the king cried in a loud and stern voice, as he sat by the water's edge: —

“Come no farther, O Sea! I command your billows to cease rolling, and your waters not to touch my feet.”

But when has the ocean listened to a human voice? What power on earth can chain the flood tide? It refused to obey the king's command. The waves continued to roll. The water rose higher and higher until it surrounded his chair, wetting his feet and robe.

As the officers beheld all this they were alarmed. They wondered whether the king were mad. It seemed absurd for a man to command the sea. It was such a mighty power that even the power of a king seemed as nothing in its presence. And yet these officers had assured him that all things would obey him.

When the king saw that the sea refused to obey his command, he took his crown from his head and threw it in the sand.

“Never again will I wear it,” he said

“What is all human power compared with the *Power in all things?*”

GEIRALD THE COWARD

ONCE upon a time there lived a poor knight who had a great many children, and found it very hard to get enough for them to eat. One day he sent his eldest son, Rosald, a brave and honest youth, to the neighboring town to do some business, and here Rosald met a young man named Geirald, with whom he made friends.

Now Geirald was the son of a rich man, who was proud of the boy, and had all his life allowed him to do whatever he fancied, and, luckily for the father, he was prudent and sensible, and did not waste money, as many other rich young men might have done. For some time he had set his heart on traveling into foreign countries, and after he had been talking for a little while to Rosald, he asked if his new friend would be his companion on his journey.

“There is nothing I should like better,” answered Rosald, shaking his head sorrow-

fully; "but my father is very poor, and he could never give me the money."

"Oh, if that is your only difficulty, it is all right," cried Geirald. "My father has more money than he knows what to do with, and he will give me as much as I want for both of us; only, there is one thing you must promise me, Rosald, that, supposing we have any adventures, you will let the honor and glory of them fall on me."

"Yes, of course, that is only fair," answered Rosald, who never cared about putting himself forward. "But I cannot go without telling my parents. I am sure they will think me lucky to get such a chance."

As soon as the business was finished, Rosald hastened home. His parents were delighted to hear of his good fortune, and his father gave him his own sword, which was growing rusty for want of use, while his mother saw that his leather jerkin was in order.

"Be sure you keep the promise you made to Geirald," said she, as she bade him good-by, "and, come what may, see that you never betray him."

Full of joy Rosald rode off, and the next day he and Geirald started off to seek adventures. To their disappointment their own land was so well governed that nothing out of the common was very likely to happen, but directly they crossed the border into another kingdom all seemed lawlessness and confusion.

They had not gone very far, when, riding across a mountain, they caught a glimpse of several armed men hiding among some trees in their path, and remembered suddenly some talk they had heard of a band of twelve robbers who lay in wait for rich travelers. The robbers were more like savage beasts than men, and lived somewhere at the top of the mountain in caves and holes in the ground. They were all called "Hankur," and were distinguished one from another by the name of a color — blue, gray, red, and so on, except their chief, who was known as Hankur the Tall. All this and more rushed into the minds of the two young men as they saw the flash of their swords in the moonlight.

"It is impossible to fight them — they

are twelve to two," whispered Geirald, stopping his horse in the path. "We had much better ride back and take the lower road. It would be stupid to throw away our lives like this."

"Oh, we can't turn back," answered Rosald, "we should be ashamed to look any one in the face again! And, besides, it is a grand opportunity to show what we are made of. Let us tie our horses here, and climb up the rocks so that we can roll stones down on them."

"Well, we might try that, and then we shall always have our horses," said Geirald. So they went up the rocks silently and carefully.

The robbers were lying all ready, expecting every moment to see their victims coming around the corner a few yards away, when a shower of huge stones fell on their heads, killing half the band. The others sprang up the rock, but as they reached the top the sword of Rosald swung round, and one man after another rolled down into the valley. At last the chief managed to spring up, and, grasping Rosald by the waist, flung

away his sword, and the two fought desperately, their bodies swaying always nearer the edge. It seemed as if Rosald, being the smaller of the two, must fall over, when, with his left hand, he drew the robber's sword out of its sheath and plunged it into his heart. Then he took from the dead man a beautiful ring set with a large stone, and put it on his own finger.

The fame of this wonderful deed soon spread through the country, and people would often stop Geirald's horse, and ask leave to see the robber's ring which was said to have been stolen from the father of the reigning king. And Geirald showed them the ring with pride, and listened to their words of praise, and no one would ever have guessed any one else had destroyed the robbers; for although Rosald always wore the ring himself, he never told any one that it was not really Geirald who had won it.

In a few days they left that kingdom and rode on to another, where they thought they would stop through the remainder of the winter, for Geirald liked to be comfortable, and did not care about traveling through

ice and snow. But the king would only grant them leave to stop on condition that, before the winter was ended, they should give him some fresh proof of the courage of which he had heard so much. Rosald's heart was glad at the king's message, and as for Geirald, he felt that as long as Rosald was there all would go well. So they both bowed low and replied that it was the king's place to command and theirs to obey.

"Well, then," said his Majesty, "this is what I want you to do. In the northeast part of my kingdom there dwells a giant, who has an iron staff twenty yards long, and he is so quick in using it, that even fifty knights have no chance against him. The bravest and strongest young men of my court have fallen under the blows of that staff; but, as you overcame the twelve robbers so easily, I feel that I have reason to hope that you may be able to conquer the giant. In three days from this you will set out."

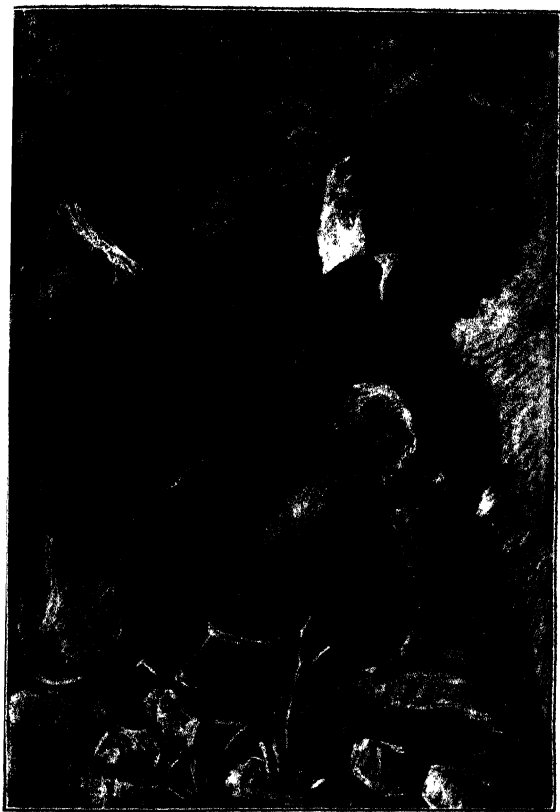
"We will be ready, your Majesty," answered Rosald; but Geirald remained silent.

"How can we possibly fight against a giant that has killed fifty knights?" cried

Geirald, when they were outside the castle. "The king only wants to get rid of us! He won't think about us for the next three days — that is one comfort — so we shall have plenty of time to cross the borders of the kingdom and to be out of his reach."

"We mayn't be able to kill the giant, but we certainly can't run away till we have tried," answered Rosald. "Besides, think how glorious it will be if we do manage to kill him! I know what sort of weapon I shall use. Come with me now, and I will see about it." And, taking his friend by the arm, he led him into a shop where he bought a huge lump of solid iron, so big that they could hardly lift it between them. However, they just managed to carry it to a blacksmith's, where Rosald directed that it should be beaten into a thick club, with a sharp spike at one end. When this was done to his liking, he took it home under his arm.

Very early on the third morning the two young men started on their journey, and on the fourth day they reached the giant's cave before he was out of bed. Hearing the sound of footsteps, the giant got up and



"The giant got up and went to the entrance."

went to the entrance to see who was coming, and Rosald, expecting something of the sort, struck him such a blow on the forehead that he fell to the ground. Then, before he could rise to his feet again, Rosald drew out his sword and cut off his head.

"It was not so difficult after all, you see," he said, turning to Geirald. And placing the giant's head in a leathern wallet which was slung over his back, they began their journey to the castle.

As they drew near the gates, Rosald took the head from the wallet and handed it to Geirald, whom he followed into the king's presence.

"The giant will trouble you no more," said Geirald, holding out the head. And the king fell on his neck and kissed him, and cried joyfully that he was the bravest knight in all the world, and that a feast should be made for him and Rosald, and that the great deed should be proclaimed throughout the kingdom. And Geirald's heart swelled with pride, and he almost forgot that it was Rosald, and not he, who had slain the giant.

By and by a whisper went round that a beautiful lady who lived in the castle would be present at the feast, with twenty-four lovely maidens, her attendants. The lady was the queen of her own country, but as her father and mother had died when she was a little girl, she had been left in the care of this king who was her uncle.

She was now old enough to govern her own kingdom, but her subjects did not like being ruled by a woman, and said that she must find a husband to help her in managing her affairs. Prince after prince had offered himself, but the young queen would have nothing to say to any of them, and at last told her ministers that if she was to have a husband at all, she must choose him for herself, as she would certainly not marry any of those whom they had selected for her. The ministers replied that in that case she had better manage her kingdom alone, and the queen, who knew nothing about business, got things into such a confusion that at last she threw them up altogether, and went off to her uncle.

Now when she heard how the two young

men had slain the giant, her heart was filled with admiration of their courage, and she declared that if a feast was held, she would certainly be present at it.

And so she was; and when the feast was over, she asked the king, her guardian, if he would allow the two heroes who had killed the robbers and slain the giant to fight a tourney the next day with one of her pages. The king gladly gave his consent, and ordered the lists to be made ready, never doubting that two great champions would be eager for such a chance of adding to their fame. Little did he guess that Geirald had done all that he could to persuade Rosald to steal secretly out of the castle during the night. "For," said he, "I don't believe they are pages **at all**, but well-proved knights, and how can we, so young and untried, stand up **against** them?"

"The honor will be all the higher if we gain the day," answered Rosald; but Geirald would listen to nothing, and only declared that he did not care about honor, and would rather be alive than have every honor in the world heaped on him. Go he

would, and as Rosald had sworn to give him company, he must come with him.

Rosald was much grieved when he heard these words, but he knew that it was useless attempting to persuade Geirald, and turned his thoughts to forming some plan to prevent this disgraceful flight. Suddenly his face brightened. "Let us change clothes," he said, "and I will do the fighting, while you shall get the glory. Nobody will ever know." And to this Geirald readily consented.

Whether Geirald was right or not in thinking that the so-called page was really a well-proved knight, it is certain that Rosald's task was a very hard one. Three times they came together with a crash which made their horses reel; once Rosald knocked the helmet off his foe, and received in return such a blow that he staggered in his saddle. Shouts went up from the lookers-on, as first one and then the other seemed gaining the victory; but at length Rosald planted his spear in the armor which covered his adversary's breast and bore him steadily backward. "Unhorsed!

unhorsed!" cried the people; and Rosald then himself dismounted and helped his adversary to rise.

In the confusion that followed it was easy for Rosald to slip away and return to Geirald his proper clothes. And in these, torn and dusty with the fight, Geirald answered the king's summons to come before him.

"You have done what I expected you to do," said he, "and now, choose your reward."

"Grant me, sire, the hand of the queen, your niece," replied the young man, bowing low, "and I will defend her kingdom against all her enemies."

"She could choose no better husband," said the king, "and if she consents, I do." And he turned towards the queen, who had not been present during the fight, but had just slipped into a seat by his right hand. Now the queen's eyes were very sharp, and it seemed to her that the man who stood before her, tall and handsome though he might be, was different in many slight ways, and in one in particular, from the man who had fought the tourney. How there could

be any trickery she could not understand, and why the real victor should be willing to give up his prize to another was still stranger; but something in her heart warned her to be careful. She answered: "You may be satisfied, uncle, but I am not. One more proof I must have; let the two young men now fight against each other. The man I marry must be the man who killed the robbers and the giant, and overcame my page." Geirald's face grew pale as he heard these words. He knew there was no escape for him now, though he did not doubt for one moment that Rosald would keep his compact loyally to the last. But how would it be possible that even Rosald should deceive the watchful eyes of the king and his court, and still more those of the young queen whom he felt uneasily had suspected him from the first?

The tourney was fought, and in spite of Geirald's fears Rosald managed to hang back, to make attacks which were never meant to succeed, and to allow strokes which he could easily have parried to attain their end. At length, after a great show of

resistance, he fell heavily to the ground. And as he fell he knew that it was not alone the glory that was his rightfully which he gave up, but the hand of the queen that was more precious still.

But Geirald did not even wait to see if he was wounded; he went straight to the wall where the royal banner waved and claimed the reward which was now his.

The crowd of watchers turned toward the queen, expecting to see her stoop and give some token to the victor. Instead, to the surprise of every one, she merely smiled gracefully and said that before she bestowed her hand one more test must be imposed, but this should be the last. The final tourney should be fought; Geirald and Rosald should meet singly two knights of the king's court, and he who could unhorse his foe should be master of herself and of her kingdom. The combat was fixed to take place at ten o'clock the following day.

All night long Geirald walked about his room, not daring to face the fight that lay in front of him, and trying with all his might to discover some means of escaping it. All

night long he moved restlessly from door to window; and when the trumpets sounded, and the combatants rode into the field, he alone was missing. The king sent messengers to see what had become of him, and he was found, trembling with fear, hiding under his bed. After that there was no need of any further proof. The combat was declared unnecessary, and the queen pronounced herself quite satisfied, and ready to accept Rosald as her husband.

“You forgot one thing,” she said when they were alone. “I recognized my father’s ring, which Hankur the Tall had stolen, on the finger of your right hand, and I knew that it was you and not Geirald who had slain the robber band. I was the page who fought you, and again I saw the ring on your finger, though it was absent from his when he stood before me to claim the prize. That was why I ordered the combat between you, though your faith to your word prevented my plan being successful, and I had to try another. The man who keeps his promise at all costs to himself is the man I can trust, both for myself and for my people.”

So they were married, and returned to their own kingdom, which they ruled well and happily. And many years after a poor beggar knocked at the palace gates and asked for money, for the sake of days gone by — and this was Geirald.

ANDREW LANG.

THE LION AND THE CUB

A LION cub, of sordid mind,
Avoided all the lion kind;
Fond of applause, he sought the feasts
Of vulgar and ignoble beasts;
With asses all his time he spent,
Their club's perpetual president.
He caught their manners, looks, and airs;
An ass in everything but ears!
If e'er his Highness meant a joke,
They grinn'd applause before he spoke;
But at each word what shouts of praise;
"Goodness! how naturally he brays!"

Elate with flattery and conceit,
He seeks his royal sire's retreat;
Forward and fond to show his parts,
His Highness brays; the lion starts.

"Puppy! that curs'd vociferation

Betrays thy life and conversation :
 Coxcombs, an ever-noisy race,
 Are trumpets of their own disgrace."

"Why so severe?" the cub replies;
 "Our senate always held me wise!"

"How weak is pride," returns the sire:
 "All fools are vain when fools admire!
 But know, what stupid asses prize,
 Lions and noble beasts despise."

JOHN GAY.

JEAN LOUIS RODOLPHE AGASSIZ

HIS characteristic modesty needs additional mention. He seemed not to realize his greatness. Tributes to his attainments appeared to surprise him. What he had attained was very insignificant to him in comparison with what remained to be known. He had only picked up a few pebbles on the shore, while the great ocean of science tempted him to fathom its mysteries. He claimed only the beginning of knowledge in his department, and often said that many things are uncertain now, even about laws and facts that are known.

An amusing incident that illustrates the

foregoing remarks was related to the author at Cotuit Port, Massachusetts. One or two years before his death, Agassiz spent four weeks there, studying fishes in the waters of that vicinity, and collecting specimens for his museum. One day, at the hotel where he stopped, a discussion on different kinds of fishes arose between him and several of the citizens. One citizen called his attention to a kind of fish that was always seen in schools, swimming with one fin out of water, and inquired what the professor knew of them. He replied that he knew nothing, for he had never seen them. One citizen asked him, "Which fin is out of water, the back or tail fin?" Without the least hesitation he replied, "Oh, it must be the back fin," answering, no doubt, according to some general theory in his mind.

A boy, ten years old, son of one of the citizens, — a bright, observant little fellow, — was standing by, taking in every word of the distinguished naturalist; and he could not contain himself, so full of the subject was his soul. He interrupted by

saying, "I think it is the tail fin; I've seen 'em." The men laughed, and Professor Agassiz laughed with them, and patted the boy on the head, commending his sharp observation, and expressing the hope that he would know all about it in his manhood.

The boy was not satisfied with the turn of affairs. On the next day he went down to the wharf, a few rods behind the hotel, and laid himself flat on his face to watch for a school of the fish. They were not plentiful, but he had seen them in the harbor, when they swam directly under the wharf. He watched several hours, but no fish appeared. On the next day he went thither and watched equally long, but he only had disappointment for his pains. Undismayed, he repaired to the same spot on the third day, and, after the lapse of an hour, he was rewarded by the appearance of the fishes he was seeking. The school swam directly under the wharf, in full view of his two large blue eyes. Imagine his interest and excitement as he made sure whether the back or tail fin was out of water. It was

the *tail* fin; he was positive of it. A second sharp, square look convinced him that the professor was wrong.

Quick as his feet could carry him to the hotel, he reported to Agassiz, "A school of them fish is in the harbor." The professor hurried down to the wharf, and saw, with his own eyes, the "tail fin out of water." The boy's fact had upset his theory; and he complimented the lad for his intelligent observation. No one enjoyed the issue more than he. The episode had added another fact to his museum of facts—a tail fin can be out of water. And the whole affair was in harmony with what he was ever teaching—that many things are uncertain, even about things we know. Great talents and learning are always modest.

W. M. THAYER.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead :—

Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day : —
Under the one, the Blue ;
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet : —
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day : —
Under the laurel, the Blue ;
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours,
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers,
Alike for the friend and the foe : —
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day : —
Under the roses, the Blue ;
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So, with an equal splendor
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all : —

Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day : —
Broidered with gold, the Blue ;
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain : —
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day : —
Wet with the rain, the Blue ;
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done.
In the storm of the years that are fading
No braver battle was won : —
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day : —
Under the blossoms, the Blue ;
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red :
They banish our anger forever,
When they laurel the graves of our dead

Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day: —
Love and tears for the Blue;
Tears and love for the Gray.

FRANCIS MILES FINCH.

From Finch's "The Blue and the Gray and Other Verses." Copyright,
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ZENOBIA OF PALMYRA

MANY, many miles away toward the rising sun, in an oasis of the great Syrian desert, there was once a beautiful city called Palmyra. To-day only the ruins remain to show what it may have been, but sixteen centuries ago it was one of the most beautiful cities of the world. Nature and art combined to make it glorious. Like a glittering mirage out of the sand-swept desert arose its palaces and temples and grandly sculptured archways. With aqueducts and monuments and gleaming porticoes; with countless groves of palm trees and gardens full of verdure; with wells and fountains, market and circus; with broad streets stretching away to the city gates and lined on either side with magnificent colonnades

of rose-colored marble — such was Palmyra in the year of our Lord 250 when, in the soft Syrian month of Nisan or April, in an open portico screened from the sun by gayly colored awnings, two young people — a boy of sixteen and a girl of twelve — sat looking down on the moving crowds.

As they glanced lazily down, a sudden exclamation from the lad caused his companion to raise her flashing black eyes inquiringly to his face.

“What troubles you, Odhainat?” she asked.

“There, there; look there, Zenobia!” replied the boy, excitedly; “coming through the Damascus arch, and we thought him to be in Emesa.”

The girl's glance followed his guiding finger, but even as she looked the bright April sun gleamed down upon the standard of Rome with its eagle crest and its S. P. Q. R.¹ design beneath. Swinging into the great Street of the Thousand Columns, at the head of his light-armed legionaries, rides the Centurion Rufinus, lately advanced

¹ *Senatus Populusque Romani*, Senate and People of Rome.

to the rank of tribune of one of the chief Roman cohorts in Syria. His coming, as Odhainat and even the young Zenobia knew, meant a stricter supervision of the city, the assertion of the mastership of Rome over this far eastern province on the Persian frontier.

“But why should the coming of the Roman so trouble you, Odhainat?” she asked. “We are neither Jew nor Christian that we should fear his wrath, but free Palmyreans who bend the knee neither to Roman nor to Persian masters.”

“Who *will* bend the knee no longer, be it never so little, my cousin,” exclaimed the lad, hotly, “as this very day would have shown had not this crafty Rufinus come with his cohort to mar our measures! Yet see — who cometh now?” he cried; and at once the attention of the young people was turned in the opposite direction as they saw another hurrying throng.

Then young Odhainat gave a cry of joy.

“See, Zenobia; they come, they come!” he cried. “It is my father with all the leaders and all the bowmen and spearmen

of our tribe armed and in readiness. This day will we fling off the Roman yoke and become the true and unconquered lords of Palmyra. And I, too, must join them," he added.

But the young girl detained him. "Wait, cousin," she said; "watch and wait. Our tribe will scarce attempt so brave a deed to-day, with these new Roman soldiers in our gates. That were scarcely wise."

But the boy broke out again. "So; they have seen each other," he said; "both sides are pressing on!"

"True; and they will meet under this very portico," said Zenobia, and moved both by interest and desire this dark-eyed Syrian girl, to whom fear was never known, standing by her cousin's side, looked down upon the tossing sea of spears and lances and glittering shields and helmets that swayed and surged in the street below.

"So, Odenathus!" said Rufinus, the tribune, reining in his horse and speaking in harsh and commanding tones, "what meaneth this array of armed followers?"

"Are the movements of Septimus Ode-

nathus, the headman, of such importance to the noble tribune that he must needs question a free merchant of Palmyra as to the number and manner of his servants?" asked Odenathus, haughtily.

"Dog of a Palmyrean; slave of a camel driver!" said the Roman, angrily, "trifle not with me. Were you ten times the free merchant you claim, you should not thus reply. Free, forsooth! None are free but Romans."

"Have a care, O Rufinus," said the Palmyrean, boldly; "choose wiser words if you would have peaceful ways. Palmyra brooks no such slander of her foremost men."

"And Rome brooks no such men as you, traitor," said Rufinus. "Ay, traitor, I say," he repeated, as Odenathus started at the word. "Think not to hide your plots to overthrow the Roman power in your city. Everything is known to our great father, the Emperor, and thus doth he reckon with traitors. Macrinus, strike!" and at his word the short Gallic sword in the ready hand of the big German foot soldier went straight to its mark, and Odenathus, the

"headman" of Palmyra, lay dead in the Street of the Thousand Columns.

So sudden and so unexpected was the blow that the Palmyreans stood as if stunned, unable to comprehend what had happened. But the Roman was swift to act.

"Sound, trumpets! Down, pikes!" he cried, and as the trumpet peal rose loud and clear, fresh legionaries came hurrying through the Damascus arch, and the pike and sword of Rome bore back the shields and lances of Palmyra.

But, before the lowered pikes could fully disperse the crowd, the throng parted and through the swaying mob there burst a lithe and flying figure—a brown-skinned maid of twelve with streaming hair, loose robe, and angry, flashing eyes. Right under the lowered pikes she darted and, all flushed and panting, defiantly faced the astonished Rufinus. Close behind her came an equally excited lad who, when he saw the stricken body of his father in the marble street, flung himself, weeping, upon it. But Zenobia's eyes flashed still more angrily.

"Assassin, murderer!" she cried; "you



“ ‘ Assassin, murderer ! ’ she cried.”

have slain my kinsman and Odhainat's father. How dare you; how dare you!" she repeated vehemently, and then, flushing with deeper scorn, she added: "Roman, I hate you! would that I were a man. Then should all Palmyra know how —"

"Scourge these children home," broke in the stern Rufinus, "or fetch them by the ears to their nurses and their toys. Let the boys and girls of Palmyra beware how they mingle in the matters of their elders, or in the plots of their fathers. Men of Palmyra, you who to-day have dared to think of rebellion, look on your leader here and know how Rome deals with traitors. But, because the merchant Odenathus bore a Roman name, and was of Roman rank — ho, soldiers! bear him to his house, and let Palmyra pay such honor as befits his name and station."

The struggling children were half led, half carried into the sculptured hall of the palace of Odenathus, and there, kneeling by the stricken form of the murdered father and kinsman, and with uplifted hand, after the vindictive manner of these fierce old

days of blood, Odhainat and Zenobia swore eternal hatred to Rome.

Hatred is a very ugly fault as it is a very headstrong one ; but as there is a good side even to a bad habit, so there is a hatred that may rise to the height of a virtue. Hatred of vice is virtue ; hatred of tyranny is patriotism. It is this that has led the world from slavery to freedom, from ignorance to enlightenment, and inspired the words that have found immortality alike above the ashes of Bradshaw, the regicide, and of Jefferson, the American : “ Rebellion to tyrants is obedience to God.”

But how could a fatherless boy and girl, away off on the edge of an Arabian desert, hope to resist successfully the mighty power of Imperial Rome ? The story of their lives will tell.

If there are some people who are patriots, there are others who are poltroons, and such a one was Hairan, the elder brother of young Odhainat, when, succeeding to his dead father's wealth and power, he thought less of Roman tyranny than of Roman gold. His submission to Rome so angered

Odhainat, that at last Hairan drove his younger brother from the home of his fathers, and the lad spent his youth roving from place to place, waiting his time.

But, though a homeless exile, the dark-eyed Zenobia did not forget him. She gave herself up to careful study, and hoped for the day of Palmyra's freedom. She loved the excitement of the chase, and in the plains and mountains beyond the city she learned to ride and hunt with all the skill and daring of a young Diana.

And so it came to pass that when the Emperor Valerian sent an embassy from Rome, bearing a message to the Great King, as the Persian monarch was called, the embassy halted in Palmyra, and Septimus Hairan, now the headman of the city, ordered, "in the name of the senate and people of Palmyra," a grand *venatio*, or wild-beast hunt, in the circus near the Street of the Thousand Columns, in honor of his Roman guests. And he dispatched his kinsman, Septimus Zabbai, the soldier, to the Armenian hills to superintend the capture and delivery of the wild game needed for the hunt. With a

great following of slaves and huntsmen, Zabbai, the soldier, departed, and with him went his niece, Zenobia, now a fearless young huntress of fifteen. Space will not permit to tell of the wonders and excitement of that wild-beast hunt. It was rare sport to the fearless Zenobia, who rode her fleet Arabian horse at the very head of the chase, and, with quick eye and practiced hand, helped largely to swell the trophies of the hunt.

So, through dense Armenian forests and along rugged mountain paths, the chase swept on, and one day young Zenobia suddenly reined in her horse in full view of one of the typical hunting scenes of those old days. A young Arabian hunter had enticed a big mountain lion into one of the strong-meshed nets of stout palm fibers, then used for such purposes. The girl, flushed with delight at the capture, galloped to the spot, and in that instant she recognized in the successful hunter her cousin, the exile.

"Well snared, Odhainat," she said, as, the first exclamation of surprise over, she stood beside the brown-faced and sturdy young hunter. "See, is it not an omen from

the gods? Face valor with valor and craft with craft, O Odhainat! Have you forgotten the vow in your father's palace full three years ago?"

Forgotten it? Not he. And then he told Zenobia how in all his wanderings he had kept their vow in mind, and with that, too, her other words of counsel, "Watch and Wait." He told her that, far and wide, he was known to all the Arabs of the desert and the Armenians of the hills, and how, from sheik to camel boy, the tribes were ready to join with Palmyra against both Rome and Persia.

"Your time will indeed come, Odhainat," said the fearless girl, with proud looks and ringing voice. "See, even thus our omen gives the proof," and she pointed to the net, beneath whose mesh the lion lay panting, wearied with its struggle. "Now make your peace with Hairan, your brother; return to Palmyra once again, and still let us watch and wait."

Three more years passed. Valerian, Emperor of Rome, leading his legions to war with the "Great King," had fallen a

victim to the treachery and traps of the Persian monarch, and was held a miserable prisoner in the Persian capital. In Palmyra, Hairan was dead, and young Odhainat, his brother, was now Septimus Odenathus—"headman" of the city and to all appearances the firm friend of Rome.

There were great rejoicings in Palmyra when the wise Zenobia—still scarce more than a girl—and the fearless young "headman" of the desert republic were married in the marble city of the palm trees.

In the great market place or forum, Odenathus and Zenobia awaited the return of their messengers to Sapor. For the "Great King," having killed the captive Roman Emperor, now turned his arms against the Roman power in the east and looked with an evil eye toward Palmyra. Zenobia repeated her counsel of facing craft with craft, and letters and gifts had been sent to Sapor, asking for peace and friendship. There was a hurried entrance through the eastern gate of the city, and the messengers from the Palmyrean senate rushed into the market place.

“Your presents to the Great King have been thrown into the river, O Odenathus,” they reported, “and thus sayeth Sapor of Persia: ‘Who is this Odenathus, that he should thus presume to write to his lord? If he would obtain mitigation of the punishment that awaits him, let him fall prostrate before the foot of our throne, with his hands bound behind his back. Unless he doeth this, he, his family, and his country shall surely perish!’”

Swift to wrath and swifter still to act, Zenobia sprang to her feet. “Face force with force, Odenathus. Be strong and sure, and Palmyra shall yet humble the Persian!”

Her advice was taken. Quickly collecting the troops of Palmyra and the Arabs and Armenians who were his allies, the fearless “headman” fell upon the army of the haughty Persian king, defeated and despoiled it, and drove it back to Persia. As Gibbon, the historian says, “The majesty of Rome, oppressed by a Persian, was protected by an Arab of Palmyra.”

For this he was covered with favors by

Rome, made supreme commander in the East, and, with Zenobia as his adviser and helper, each year made Palmyra stronger and more powerful. While her husband conquered for Rome in the north, she, in his absence, governed so wisely in the south as to insure the praise of all. And when the time was ripe, and Rome, ruled by weak emperors and harassed by wild barbarians, was in dire stress, the childish vow of the boy and girl made years before found fulfillment. Palmyra was suddenly declared free from the dominion of Rome, and Odenathus was acknowledged by senate and people as "Emperor and King of kings."

E. S. BROOKS. *Abridged.*

SONG OF MARION'S MEN

OUR band is few but true and tried,
Our leader frank and bold ;
The British soldier trembles
When Marion's name is told.
Our fortress is the good greenwood,
Our tent the cypress-tree ;
We know the forest round us,
As seamen know the sea.

We know its walls of thorny vines,
Its glades of reedy grass,
Its safe and silent islands
Within the dark morass.

Woe to the English soldiery
That little dread us near!
On them shall light at midnight
A strange and sudden fear:
When, waking to their tents on fire,
They grasp their arms in vain,
And they who stand to face us
Are beat to earth again;
And they who fly in terror deem
A mighty host behind,
And hear the tramp of thousands
Upon the hollow wind.

Then sweet the hour that brings release
From danger and from toil:
We talk the battle over,
And share the battle's spoil.
The woodland rings with laugh and shout.
As if a hunt were up,
And woodland flowers are gathered
To crown the soldier's cup.

With merry songs we mock the wind
That in the pine-top grieves,
And slumber long and sweetly
On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon
The band that Marion leads —
The glitter of their rifles,
The scampering of their steeds.
'Tis life to guide the fiery barb
Across the moonlit plain;
'Tis life to feel the night-wind
That lifts his tossing mane.
A moment in the British camp —
A moment — and away
Back to the pathless forest,
Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee,
Grave men with hoary hairs ;
Their hearts are all with Marion,
For Marion are their prayers.
And lovely ladies greet our band
With kindest welcoming,
With smiles like those of summer,
And tears like those of spring.

For them we wear these trusty arms,
And lay them down no more
Till we have driven the Briton,
Forever, from our shore.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THE KING OF THE MONKEYS

THE King of the Monkeys called together his eighty thousand subjects in the heart of the forest and said: "Remember! Eat no food without first asking me, and drink no water without first asking me." For an ogre had enchanted a lake in the middle of the woods.

By and by, the monkeys came to the lake, and they were very thirsty, but they remembered the King's command, and not one of them dipped so much as the end of his tail into the water. So the King came.

"Well, friends, why don't you drink?"

"We are waiting for you, your Majesty," they replied.

"Quite right; let me look at the foot-prints on the shore." And sure enough, they were all the prints of feet going down to the lake, and not one print was

there of any feet coming back. "You see," said the King of the Monkeys, "an ogre lives here."

The ogre soon came in sight, with blue body, white face, and bright red hands and feet. "Are you not thirsty?" said the ogre. "Come into the lake and drink." For he knew that whoever entered the water came into his power.

"Yes, we are thirsty," said the King, "and we propose to drink your lake dry, and still to escape you."

"Huh!" said the ogre.

Then the King cut a long bamboo cane, and said the ten commandments. Then he blew into it, and the cane became hollow from one end to the other; and so he did with another and another. Pretty soon, all the eighty thousand monkeys had their hollow canes, and they drank the water of the lake as one drinks lemonade through a straw.

"If not in one way, then in another," said the King. And they left the ogre sitting in the mud.

Retold from "The Jātaka."

OLD IRONSIDES

AY, tear her tattered ensign down !

Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky ;
Beneath it rung the battle shout,
And burst the cannon's roar ; —
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more !

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee ; —
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea !

O better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave ;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave ;
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale !

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS

THE reign of James I was very different from that of Elizabeth. It will be remembered as the time when the king quarreled with the Parliament, and sowed the first seeds of the strife between the king and people that was to end in the Great Rebellion. James would not tolerate the religion of those who would not conform to the Church of England and its worship. This persecution of some of the Nonconformists drove a few of them to the New World, where they founded the colonies of New England. This departure of the Pilgrim Fathers from England is very important.

At the beginning of the reign of James I some poor people in the north of England, in towns and villages of Nottingham, Lincoln, and the borders of Yorkshire, used to meet at Elder Brewster's house at Scrooby for the study of the Bible. They chose John Robinson for one of their ministers, and for about a year they kept up their meetings every Sabbath, worshiping God after their own fashion. They were, how-

ever, strictly watched night and day, and were so persecuted by the agents of King James that, at last, these Puritans, despairing of rest in England, resolved to go into exile.

After suffering great hardships and cruel treatment, they made their escape to Holland. Their arrival in Amsterdam in 1608 was but the beginning of their wanderings. "They knew they were *Pilgrims*, and looked not much on those things, but lifted up their eyes to heaven, their dearest country, and quieted their spirits." But they found it very difficult to make a living in Holland, and so terrible were their sufferings that many of their English friends preferred the prisons of England to the hard life of Holland. So the Pilgrims determined to found a colony in America.

They thought that they could not be worse off in America, and in that new land their children would not grow up as Dutch, but would still be English. It is true that they had religious freedom in Holland, but they would have the same in America. After some years, trusting in God and themselves,

they made ready for their departure. Two ships, the *Mayflower* and the *Speedwell*, conveyed some of the exiles on their journey from Delft, and aided by a prosperous wind the vessels soon reached Southampton.

After a sojourn of a fortnight at that port, the vessels set sail for America. They had not gone far upon their voyage when the *Speedwell* was found to need repairs, and they were thus forced to put into the port of Dartmouth. After the loss of eight days they again weighed anchor, and were barely out of sight of land, when the captain of the *Speedwell* thought that his ship was too weak for the ocean voyage.

They put back to Plymouth, and agreed that the *Mayflower* should sail alone. Accordingly, on this little ship of only one hundred and eighty tons, a company of one hundred and two souls determined to face the perils of the Atlantic. It was on the 6th of September, 1620, that the passengers in the *Mayflower* set sail for a new world. They had a dreadful voyage across the Atlantic, and at one time it seemed as if the ship would surely go down.



The Pilgrim Fathers.

The Pilgrims, however, assisted the sailors to place a heavy piece of wood under one of the deck beams and so saved the vessel from going to pieces. After much tribulation they sighted land off the coast of Cape Cod, on November 19, 1620. They tried to sail around the cape to the southward, but storms drove them back, and they anchored in Provincetown Harbor. For nearly a month the Pilgrims explored the shores of Cape Cod Bay, but on December 21, 1620, a boat party landed on the mainland, inside of Plymouth Harbor.

The Pilgrims decided to found their colony on the shore at that place, and about a week later the *Mayflower* anchored in Plymouth Harbor. For months they had to live on the ship, while working parties built huts on shore. The work was hard; food and clothing could not be easily obtained; and, worst of all, it was in the midst of a cold New England winter. Before the *Mayflower* sailed away in the spring one half of that devoted band was dead.

Before long, however, the Pilgrims' life became easier. They made a treaty with

the Indians, and from them they learned how to grow corn and to dig clams. The Pilgrims worked hard to raise food for themselves. They fished off the coast, and they bought furs from the Indians. In course of time many of their friends joined them, other towns were settled, and Plymouth became the capital of the colony of New Plymouth. The colony, however, was never very prosperous, and in the end was added to Massachusetts.

As years went on other colonies were founded, until in 1643 they were joined together as the New England States. The New Englanders were small farmers, mechanics, shipbuilders, and fishermen. They had few servants and very few slaves. Indeed, most of the laborers were free men and worked for wages. The New Englanders were very zealous in the matter of education, and a law was passed compelling every town to provide schools for its children.

During all this time the New England States were English colonies, and looked to the mother country for assistance. The founding of the New England Colonies

marks another era in history, and henceforth we shall find that the building of a Greater Britain beyond the seas makes rapid progress. These first colonists were driven from their fatherland not by the greed of gold nor by the love of adventure, but by the fear of God and the zeal for a godly worship. It was not without much grief that they tore themselves from their English homes, and many an emigrant as he left his native shore cried "Farewell, dear England."

Now there is a Greater Britain in both hemispheres, and no longer need an Englishman feel sad at leaving England, for laws and customs like those of England may be found wherever the English tongue is spoken. There he will find liberty, and there he will find freedom.

Selected.

SOLDIER, REST!

SOLDIER, rest! thy warfare o'er,

Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking!

Dream of battled fields no more,

Days of danger, nights of waking.

In our isle's enchanted hall,
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
Fairy strains of music fall,
Every sense in slumber dewing.
Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Dream of fighting fields no more;
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
Armor's clang, or war-steed's champing,
Trump nor pibroch summon here
Mustering clan, or squadron tramping.
Yet the lark's shrill fife may come,
At the day-break from the fallow,
And the bittern sound his drum,
Booming from the sedgy shallow.
Ruder sounds shall none be near,
Guards nor warders challenge here,
Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,
Shouting clans, or squadrons stamping.

WALTER SCOTT.

ÆGEUS AND HIS QUEEN

LONG ago Ægeus was king of the famous city of Athens. For a long time he remained

unmarried, and had no heir to rule the kingdom in case he should die. However, he had fifty nephews who, although unfit to rule, were waiting for his death, hoping that Athens would then be in their control.

The Athenians lived in constant dread of the king's death, for they did not want to be governed by his reckless nephews, who could do very little harm as long as the king lived, but no one could foretell what would happen after his death.

There was another king named Pittheus, who ruled the city of Trœzen. This ancient city was located on the shore of the Saronic Sea, opposite the city of Athens.

These two kings were good friends. They had played together as boys. So Ægeus resolved one summer to make a visit to his friend across the sea. He asked the older statesmen to govern the city while he was gone, and then he sailed away. When he reached Trœzen, he was warmly welcomed by Pittheus. He was conducted to the royal palace, where he was shown many honors. There was feasting in the banquet hall, and the palace rang with beautiful

music. Both kings were happy, and as they talked together their hearts were warm with a true friendship.

When the day arrived for King Ægeus to return to Athens, he did not feel inclined to go back, and the ship sailed without him. What do you think the reason was? Do you suppose that he was afraid of his nephews? Do you think that he was tired of ruling his kingdom? Or, did he want to enjoy his friend's society a little longer?

No! none of these was the reason why Ægeus remained in Trœzen. It was this:—

Pittheus had a beautiful daughter, Æthra. Her father rejoiced greatly in her, and the people of the whole kingdom were proud of their charming princess. Such beauty, grace, and loveliness were hers that the Athenian king soon lost his heart to her; and he asked his old friend to allow the fair Æthra to become his queen.

Pittheus gave his consent, and the king and princess were married in the palace. But the marriage had to be kept secret. Ægeus was afraid that if his nephews should learn of it, they might seek to do her harm.

On this account he did not return at once to his kingdom, but remained a long time with his wife in Trœzen.

Finally, a son was born to the king and queen. This made it still more dangerous for them to return to Athens, for his nephews would know, of course, that the prince would be king after his father's death. This would keep them from ruling the city, and therefore they might seek to put him and his family to death.

The king was greatly disturbed. He hardly knew what to do. If he returned to his kingdom, he might imperil the lives of his wife and son as well as his own life. On the other hand, he felt that he ought to return and perform his duties as king. In this anxious state of mind he ascended a mountain to pray to Athena, the goddess of wisdom. He asked her to make plain his duty.

His prayer was soon answered, for while he prayed, a ship entered the harbor of Trœzen. It brought a letter from the statesmen of Athens to the king. In it they urged him to return at once or their

city would be taken by the king of Crete. This hostile king had declared that he would destroy Athens and would kill its people or make slaves of them. It was necessary for the king to come at once if he wanted to save his kingdom.

What should Ægeus do? It would be cowardly and base not to go back, for, if he failed to return, his kingdom and his people might meet a dreadful fate. On the other hand, if he should return, he would have to leave his wife and child behind, for his wicked nephews would slay them if they went to Athens. He had to choose between his country and his family.

Hard as it was to decide, the king felt that it was his duty to return, and he resolved to go. Then he sought his wife and said:—

“I must return at once to Athens or the city may be destroyed, and my people slain or enslaved. It may be that I shall never see you and our precious babe again. But, yonder, on the mountain side, beneath a huge stone, near an old tree, my sword and sandals lie buried. Let them remain there

until our son has grown strong enough to remove the stone and secure them. Then tell him of his father, and bid him seek me in the city where I rule."

The king's heart was burdened with grief. He loved his beautiful queen and his darling boy. It was hard to leave them. But Duty demanded it, and, kissing them both, the king left the palace, and sailed for his threatened city.

Far across the sea his people awaited him with eager anxiety. But behind him, from the window of her palace chamber, the queen, with tearful eyes and sorrowful heart, watched his ship sail away. She knew not what fate awaited him, or her, or the little one nestling close to her breast; but, though overcome with grief at the parting, she was proud of the man who would do his duty even though it cost so much suffering. A long time she looked out upon the sea, her eyes fixed on the distant sails, and her heart offering a silent prayer to the gods for him who had left wife and child to save his city and his people.

THE KEYS OF CALAIS

CALAIS had now been besieged for a whole year. Without were the English, settled in tents or huts along the plain on all sides of the city. Within were the French. The English were not fighting, except in an occasional skirmish. They were making no attempt to break through the strong walls of Calais, or to climb over. They were simply waiting until they should be reinforced by General Hunger and General Plague. And now these generals had both arrived. The French were dying of starvation and disease. All the food in the place had been eaten, and nobody could get in with more. And the French king had come with his army, and had looked at the English from the side of a safe hill, and then had turned away without striking a blow. The people of Calais had abandoned hope.

They sent word to the English that they were ready to surrender. "Take the city," they said, "but spare the lives of the citizens." The English king refused. "All this year you have kept us here," he said;

"now you shall pay for it." At last, however, he agreed to this: six of the chief men of Calais must come to him, bareheaded and barefooted, with halters about their necks, and yield themselves to his mercy. Then he would spare the town.

So the trumpets were blown in the Calais streets, and the people were gathered together, and the English conditions were made known. At once rose up an aged man, very rich and highly respected. "Put my name," he said, "at the head of the six." And another, a great merchant, said, "Set my name under his." And there were four others.

The six men, bareheaded and barefooted, and with halters about their necks, made their way across the plain to the pavilion where sat Edward IV of England, and his gracious queen, Philippa, and their knights and nobles. The king received the submission of the city at the hands of the six. "You have offered," he said, "to die for your fellow-citizens. Very well, so shall it be. I will spare the people, but I will have your heads." And immediately he



"The queen knelt before the king."

ordered them away to execution. Then the queen knelt before the king, and before she rose from her knees the lives of the six brave men were spared. All honor to them! They loved their city with so true a love that for its sake they were willing even to die.

SONNET ON CHILLON

ETERNAL SPIRIT of the chainless Mind!

Brightest in dungeons, Liberty! thou art,
For there thy habitation is the heart—
The heart which love of thee alone can bind;
And when thy sons to fetters are consign'd—
To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless
gloom,

Their country conquers with their martyr-
dom,
And Freedom's fame finds wings on every
wind.

Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar—for 'twas trod,
Until his very steps have left a trace
Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnivard! May none those marks
efface!

For they appeal from tyranny to God.

GEORGE NOEL GORDON BYRON.

THE GRAY CHAMPION

THERE was once a time when New England groaned under the actual pressure of heavier wrongs than those threatened ones which brought on the Revolution. James II, the bigoted successor of Charles the Voluptuous, had annulled the charters of all the colonies, and sent a harsh and unprincipled soldier to take away our liberties and endanger our religion. The administration of Sir Edmund Andros lacked scarcely a single characteristic of tyranny: a governor and council, holding office from the king, and wholly independent of the country; laws made and taxes levied without concurrence of the people, immediate or by their representatives; the rights of private citizens violated, and the titles of all landed property declared void; the voice of complaint stifled by restrictions on the press; and, finally, disaffection overawed by the first band of mercenary troops that ever marched on our free soil. For two years our ancestors were kept in sullen submission by that filial love which had invari-

ably secured their allegiance to the mother country, whether its head chanced to be a Parliament, Protector, or Popish Monarch. Till these evil times, however, such allegiance had been merely nominal, and the colonists had ruled themselves, enjoying far more freedom than is even yet the privilege of the native subjects of Great Britain.

At length a rumor reached our shores that the Prince of Orange had ventured on an enterprise, the success of which would be the triumph of civil and religious rights and the salvation of New England. It was but a doubtful whisper; it might be false, or the attempt might fail; and, in either case, the man that stirred against King James would lose his head. Still the intelligence produced a marked effect. The people smiled mysteriously in the streets, and threw bold glances at their oppressors; while, far and wide, there was a subdued and silent agitation, as if the slightest signal would rouse the whole land from its sluggish despondency. Aware of their danger, the rulers resolved to avert it by an imposing display of strength, and perhaps to

confirm their despotism by yet harsher measures. One afternoon in April, 1689, Sir Edmund Andros and his favorite councilors, being warm with wine, assembled the red-coats of the Governor's Guard, and made their appearance in the streets of Boston. The sun was near setting when the march commenced.

The roll of the drum, at that unquiet crisis, seemed to go through the streets, less as the martial music of the soldiers than as a muster call to the inhabitants themselves. A multitude, by various avenues, assembled in King Street, which was destined to be the scene, nearly a century afterwards, of another encounter between the troops of Britain, and a people struggling against her tyranny. Though more than sixty years had elapsed since the Pilgrims came, this crowd of their descendants still showed the strong and somber features of their character, perhaps more strikingly in such a stern emergency than on happier occasions. There were the sober garb, the general severity of mien, the gloomy but undismayed expression, the scriptural forms

of speech, and the confidence in Heaven's blessing on a righteous cause, which would have marked a band of the original Puritans, when threatened by some peril of the wilderness. Indeed, it was not yet time for the old spirit to be extinct; since there were men in the street that day who had worshiped there beneath the trees, before a house was reared to the God for whom they had become exiles. Old soldiers of the Parliament were here, too, smiling grimly at the thought that their aged arms might strike another blow against the house of Stuart. Here, also, were the veterans of King Philip's war, who had burned villages and slaughtered young and old, with pious fierceness, while the godly souls throughout the land were helping them with prayer. Several ministers were scattered among the crowd, which, unlike all other mobs, regarded them with such reverence, as if there were sanctity in their very garments. These holy men exerted their influence to quiet the people, but not to disperse them. Meantime, the purpose of the Governor, in disturbing the peace of the town at a period

when the slightest commotion might throw the country into a ferment, was almost the universal subject of inquiry, and was variously explained.

"Satan will strike his master stroke presently," cried some, "because he knoweth that his time is short. All our godly pastors are to be dragged to prison! We shall see them at a Smithfield fire in King Street!"

Hereupon the people of each parish gathered closer round their minister, who looked calmly upwards and assumed a more apostolic dignity, as well befitted a candidate for the highest honor of his profession, the crown of martyrdom. It was actually fancied, at that period, that New England might have a John Rogers of her own to take the place of that worthy in the Primer.

"The Pope of Rome has given orders for a new St. Bartholomew!" cried others. "We are to be massacred, man and male child!"

Neither was this rumor wholly discredited, although the wiser class believed the Governor's object somewhat less atrocious.

His predecessor under the old charter, Bradstreet, a venerable companion of the first settlers, was known to be in town. There were grounds for conjecturing that Sir Edmund Andros intended at once to strike terror, by a parade of military force, and to confound the opposite faction by possessing himself of their chief.

"Stand firm for the old charter governor!" shouted the crowd, seizing upon the idea. "The good old Governor Bradstreet!"

While this cry was at the loudest, the people were surprised by the well-known figure of Governor Bradstreet himself, a patriarch of nearly ninety, who appeared on the elevated steps of a door, and, with characteristic mildness, besought them to submit to the constituted authorities.

"My children," concluded this venerable person, "do nothing rashly. Cry not aloud, but pray for the welfare of New England, and expect patiently what the Lord will do in this matter!"

The event was soon to be decided. All this time, the roll of the drum had been ap-

proaching through Cornhill, louder and deeper, till with reverberations from house to house, and the regular tramp of martial footsteps, it burst into the street. A double rank of soldiers made their appearance, occupying the whole breadth of the passage, with shouldered matchlocks, and matches burning, so as to present a row of fires in the dusk. Their steady march was like the progress of a machine, that would roll irresistibly over everything in its way. Next, moving slowly, with a confused clatter of hoofs on the pavement, rode a party of mounted gentlemen, the central figure being Sir Edmund Andros, elderly, but erect and soldierlike. Those around him were his favorite councilors, and the bitterest foes of New England. At his right hand rode Edward Randolph, our arch-enemy, that "blasted wretch," as Cotton Mather calls him, who achieved the downfall of our ancient government, and was followed with a sensible curse, through life and to his grave. On the other side was Bullivant, scattering jests and mockery as he rode along. Dudley came behind, with a down-

cast look, dreading, as well he might, to meet the indignant gaze of the people, who beheld him, their only countryman by birth, among the oppressors of his native land. The captain of a frigate in the harbor, and two or three civil officers under the Crown, were also there. But the figure which most attracted the public eye, and stirred up the deepest feeling, was the Episcopal clergyman of King's Chapel, riding haughtily among the magistrates in his priestly vestments, the fitting representative of prelacy and persecution, the union of church and state, and all those abominations which had driven the Puritans to the wilderness. Another guard of soldiers, in double rank, brought up the rear.

The whole scene was a picture of the condition of New England, and its moral, the deformity of any government that does not grow out of the nature of things and the character of the people. On one side the religious multitude, with their sad visages and dark attire, and on the other, the group of despotic rulers, with the high churchman in the midst, and here and there a

crucifix at their bosoms, all magnificently clad, flushed with wine, proud of unjust authority, and scoffing at the universal groan. And the mercenary soldiers, waiting but the word to deluge the street with blood, showed the only means by which obedience could be secured.

"O Lord of Hosts," cried a voice among the crowd, "provide a Champion for thy people!"

This ejaculation was loudly uttered, and served as a herald's cry, to introduce a remarkable personage. The crowd had rolled back, and were now huddled together nearly at the extremity of the street, while the soldiers had advanced no more than a third of its length. The intervening space was empty—a paved solitude, between lofty edifices, which threw almost a twilight shadow over it. Suddenly, there was seen the figure of an ancient man, who seemed to have emerged from among the people, and was walking by himself along the center of the street, to confront the armed band. He wore the old Puritan dress, a dark cloak and a steeple-crowned

hat, in the fashion of at least fifty years before, with a heavy sword upon his thigh, but a staff in his hand to assist the tremulous gait of age.

When at some distance from the multitude, the old man turned slowly round, displaying a face of antique majesty, rendered doubly venerable by the hoary beard that descended on his breast. He made a gesture at once of encouragement and warning, then turned again, and resumed his way.

"Who is this gray patriarch?" asked the young men of their sires.

"Who is this venerable brother?" asked the old men among themselves.

But none could make reply. The fathers of the people, those of fourscore years and upwards, were disturbed, deeming it strange that they should forget one of such evident authority, whom they must have known in their early days, the associate of Winthrop, and all the old councilors, giving laws, and making prayers, and leading them against the savage. The elderly men ought to have remembered him, too, with locks as gray in their youth, as their own were

now. And the young! How could he have passed so utterly from their memories—that hoary sire, the relic of long-departed times, whose awful benediction had surely been bestowed on their uncovered heads, in childhood?

“Whence did he come? What is his purpose? Who can this old man be?” whispered the wondering crowd.

Meanwhile, the venerable stranger, staff in hand, was pursuing his solitary walk along the center of the street. As he drew near the advancing soldiers, and as the roll of their drum came full upon his ear, the old man raised himself to a loftier mien, while the decrepitude of age seemed to fall from his shoulders, leaving him in gray but unbroken dignity. Now, he marched onward with a warrior’s step, keeping time to the military music. Thus the aged form advanced on one side, and the whole parade of soldiers and magistrates on the other, till, when scarcely twenty yards remained between, the old man grasped his staff by the middle, and held it before him like a leader’s truncheon.

"Stand!" cried he.

The eye, the face, and attitude of command; the solemn, yet warlike peal of that voice, fit either to rule a host in the battle-field or be raised to God in prayer, were irresistible. At the old man's word and outstretched arm, the roll of the drum was hushed at once, and the advancing line stood still. A tremulous enthusiasm seized upon the multitude. That stately form, combining the leader and the saint, so gray, so dimly seen, in such an ancient garb, could belong only to some old champion of the righteous cause whom the oppressor's drum had summoned from his grave. They raised a shout of awe and exultation, and looked for the deliverance of New England.

The Governor, and the gentlemen of his party, perceiving themselves brought to an unexpected stand, rode hastily forward, as if they would have pressed their snorting and affrighted horses right against the hoary apparition. He, however, blenched not a step, but glancing his severe eye round the group, which half encompassed him, at last bent it sternly on Sir Edmund Andros. One would



'Stand!' cried he."

have thought that the dark old man was chief ruler there, and that the Governor and Council, with soldiers at their back, representing the whole power and authority of the Crown, had no alternative obedience.

"What does this old fellow here?" cried Edward Randolph, fiercely. "On, Sir Edmund! Bid the soldiers forward, and give the dotard the same choice that you give all his countrymen — to stand aside or be trampled on!"

"Nay, nay, let us show respect to the good grandsire," said Bullivant, laughing. "See you not, he is some old round-headed dignitary, who hath lain asleep these thirty years, and knows nothing of the change of times? Doubtless, he thinks to put us down with a proclamation in Old Noll's name!"

"Are you mad, old man?" demanded Sir Edmund Andros, in loud and harsh tones. "How dare you stay the march of King James's Governor?"

"I have stayed the march of a King, himself, ere now," replied the gray figure, with stern composure. "I am here, Sir

Governor, because the cry of an oppressed people hath disturbed me in my secret place ; and beseeching this favor earnestly of the Lord, it was vouchsafed me to appear once again on earth, in the good old cause of his saints. And what speak ye of James ? There is no longer a Popish tyrant on the throne of England, and by to-morrow noon, his name shall be a byword in this very street, where ye would make it a word of terror. Back, thou that wast a governor, back ! With this night thy power is ended — to-morrow, the prison ! — back, lest I foretell the scaffold ! ”

The people had been drawing nearer and nearer, and drinking in the words of their champion, who spoke in accents long dis-used, like one unaccustomed to converse, except with the dead of many years ago. But his voice stirred their souls. They confronted the soldiers, not wholly without arms, and ready to convert the very stones of the street into deadly weapons. Sir Edmund Andros looked at the old man ; then he cast his hard and cruel eye over the multitude, and beheld them burning with

lurid wrath, so difficult to kindle or to quench ; and again he fixed his gaze on the aged form, which stood obscurely in an open space, where neither friend nor foe had thrust himself. What were his thoughts, he uttered no word which might discover. But whether the oppressor were overawed by the Gray Champion's look, or perceived his peril in the threatening attitude of the people, it is certain that he gave back, and ordered his soldiers to commence a slow and guarded retreat. Before another sunset, the Governor, and all that rode so proudly with him, were prisoners, and long ere it was known that James had abdicated, King William was proclaimed throughout New England.

But where was the Gray Champion? Some reported, that when the troops had gone from King Street, and the people were thronging tumultuously in their rear, Bradstreet, the aged governor, was seen to embrace a form more aged than his own. Others soberly affirmed that, while they marveled at the venerable grandeur of his aspect, the old man had faded from their eyes, melting slowly into the hues of twi-

light, till, where he stood, there was an empty space. But all agreed, that the hoary shape was gone. The men of that generation watched for his reappearance, in sunshine and in twilight, but never saw him more, nor knew when his funeral passed, nor where his gravestone was.

And who was the Gray Champion? Perhaps his name might be found in the records of that stern Court of Justice, which passed a sentence, too mighty for the age, but glorious in all after times, for its humbling lesson to the monarch and its high example to the subject. I have heard that whenever the descendants of the Puritans are to show the spirit of their sires, the old man appears again. When eighty years had passed, he walked once more in King Street. Five years later, in the twilight of an April morning, he stood on the green, beside the meeting house at Lexington, where now the obelisk of granite, with a slab of slate inlaid, commemorates the first fallen of the Revolution. And when our fathers were toiling at the breastwork on Bunker's Hill, all through that night the old warrior walked

his rounds. Long, long may it be, ere he comes again! His hour is one of darkness, and adversity, and peril. But should domestic tyranny oppress us, or the invader's step pollute our soil, still may the Gray Champion come, for he is the type of New England's hereditary spirit; and his shadowy march, on the eve of danger, must ever be the pledge, that New England's sons will vindicate their ancestry.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

THE MAN WHO COULD NOT BE BOUGHT

AFTER the collapse of the Mexican empire that Louis Napoleon tried to establish, the "Emperor," the Archduke Maximilian, Francis Joseph's unfortunate brother, was held as a prisoner at Queretaro, while the French and Austrian governments were using all possible influence at Washington and with the Mexican government to save him from execution. Among the officers who were confined with him were Mejia and Miramon, who were afterward his companions in death, and Colonel Salm Salm, called

Prince Salm Salm, since he was the son of a petty German ruler. He was a young man who had served with some distinction in the Union army in the American Civil War, and at its close had come to Mexico, looking for new fields for military exploits. The wife of Colonel Salm Salm, an American woman, — who made a visit to this country in the summer of 1899, — had accompanied him to Mexico. She was living in Queretaro, and was allowed to visit her husband and the other prisoners at will. This gave to them the means of communication with other friends outside the prison, and, using her as an agent, they set on foot a plot to escape. There were many friends of the empire in the city, while the Mexican soldiers and officers were in a pitiable condition of poverty, which made it possible to use the considerable money that Maximilian still had at his command to bribe the aid of some of them who were not statesmen enough to see what perils would come to the republic if the defeated pretender should escape. So the plot flourished, and a strong party of mounted men was prepared to ride

with the fugitives on a certain night, and guard them to one of the seaports, where a vessel was ready to carry them to Europe.

The only obstacle to carrying out the plan was now the officer who had the immediate charge of the royal prisoner, Colonel Miguel Palacios. The attempt to win him over was intrusted to the Princess Salm Salm. This clever woman invited him to call at her hotel, and manifested the deepest concern for his family, who, she told him, she knew to be deprived of even the necessities of life by his long and unpaid services for his country. She talked to him of his destitute, almost starving, children, and of his sick wife with her new-born babe, and besought him to accept for them a considerable sum of money that she offered him, saying that it was in his power to repay her a thousandfold by a simple act of kindness.

Almost overcome by this seeming kindness from one who belonged to the enemy, Colonel Palacios asked her what the favor she mentioned was; and she, believing that he was ready to accept, told him that it was simply to go to sleep the following night instead of

commanding the guard as it was his custom to do. She then hastened to show him a draft, signed by Maximilian himself, and drawn in favor of Colonel Palacios upon the imperial house of Hapsburg for £40,000 sterling. This she assured him the Emperor Francis Joseph would gladly pay, making the poor soldier rich for life; while she showed him as well that the plot was so laid that no suspicion could attach to him. She intimated, too, that he would be really serving his country in helping Maximilian to escape, as the republican government did not know what to do with him, fearing to let him go and fearing still more to execute him.

It does not often fall to the lot of a man to be tempted under more trying circumstances; but the simple story, as told in the military record of the Mexican army, is that Colonel Palacios promptly reported the whole plot to the general commanding, and that the intriguing princess was at once banished from the city. Her husband was released, and died at the head of a Prussian regiment at Gravelotte; but the unfortunate

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archduke and his two generals were shot, just outside Queretaro, on the sun-burned slope of the "Hill of the Bells."

L. GRACE FERGUSON.

From "True Stories of Heroic Lives." Copyright, 1899, by Funk and Wagnalls Company.

A GREAT REPENTANCE AND A GREAT FORGIVENESS

LIANG-SHENG-YÜ was one of the great generals of China. He had served his kingdom wisely for many years, when there was a war of four nations. Liang-Sheng-Yü conquered the other nations, and put them under the authority of his king.

He was also called Seung-Foo, or the great Helper of the King. He was given this honorable title because he had served two generations of kings --- father and son.

One day Liang-Sheng-Yü reproved the general, Liang-Po, in the presence of the king. Liang-Po was angry because of this and said to himself, "Although Liang-Sheng-Yü is a great general, he should not say these things to me in the king's presence. He has found fault before the king. I will

now find fault with him and accuse him before the king. The king forgave me, only because he knew I had done many good things for the kingdom."

He went to his home, but he could not sleep, for his heart burned with anger. In the morning his face was yet cast down with sorrow, for he could not forget his great disgrace before the king. His wife questioned him, "What troubled you last night?" But he only answered, "Do not ask."

A servant brought his morning meal, but it was to him as if it had no taste. And the wine servant gave him wine, but it tasted as water. Another servant brought him water to bathe, and he said, "It is too cold." But the water was such as it always had been.

Three days passed by and the heart of Liang-Po changed not. Then he went to the house of a friend. On the way, while still at some distance, he saw Liang-Sheng-Yü coming, and he tried to meet him and talk with him. But Liang-Sheng-Yü walked by on the other side and would not see.

Liang-Po said to himself, "This is a

strange and terrible thing. I was never his enemy; why is he so long angry? Why will he not face me? With him I served the king many years. I cannot see why he should turn away from me. He is wrong, wrong."

He went home and wrote a letter to Liang-Sheng-Yü saying, "I saw you on the Wun-Chung Street to-day and I desired to meet you and tell you many things. I believe you wished not to see me, for you walked on the other side, with your face turned from me. So my heart has another sorrow. I would see you to-morrow, soon after the morning meal, and I invite you to come to my house and eat the noon meal with me."

But when the servant had brought Liang-Sheng-Yü the letter and he had read it, he threw it into the fire and said not a word. The servant saw and went home and told Liang-Po.

Fifty days after this, word came that the Chaa-Kwa Kingdom was about to make war against the Juo Kingdom.

The king, therefore, sent word to the general, Liang-Po, and to the great helper, Liang-

Sheng-Yü, saying, "I want you to come at once to me, your king."

When he received the word, Liang-Po said, "I think there will be a great war with the Chaa-Kwa Kingdom." So he waited before going to the king, and gave orders that four thousand soldiers should make ready for battle.

They made ready, and for two days Liang-Po delayed his going. But Liang-Sheng-Yü was already with the king. And in his heart he had fear, for he thought: "Liang-Po will not come. I have made him feel shame before the king. I have done wrong. But if he comes not, our nation is surely lost. We cannot go into battle without him."

The king asked him, "Why has not the general, Liang-Po, come into my presence? We cannot have war without the general. Without him we cannot even send an answer to the Chaa-Kwa Kingdom."

Liang-Sheng-Yü answered and said, "Before I sleep this night, I will see the general." Then he went to his home and

told his servants, "I have not time for food. I must see General Liang-Po." And he bade them cut a bundle of thorn sticks, which he took and carried to Liang-Po's house.

It was the time of Nyi-Kang (Everything Quiet) when Liang-Sheng-Yü came to General Liang-Po's house. He knocked on the door three or four times before the servants opened it and asked, "Who is here?" He answered, "I am Liang-Sheng-Yü. Tell your master I must see him to-night, or I die."

Liang-Po dressed himself and came to the door. There he saw an old man with head so bowed as to conceal his face. He wore old clothes, and he carried a sword on his back and a bundle of thorn sticks in his hands. And he knelt on the floor.

General Liang-Po said, "Who is this?" Then Liang-Sheng-Yü, the great and proud helper of two generations of kings, said, "I wish to see General Liang-Po."

His face was still close to the floor and his voice trembled as he spoke. "General

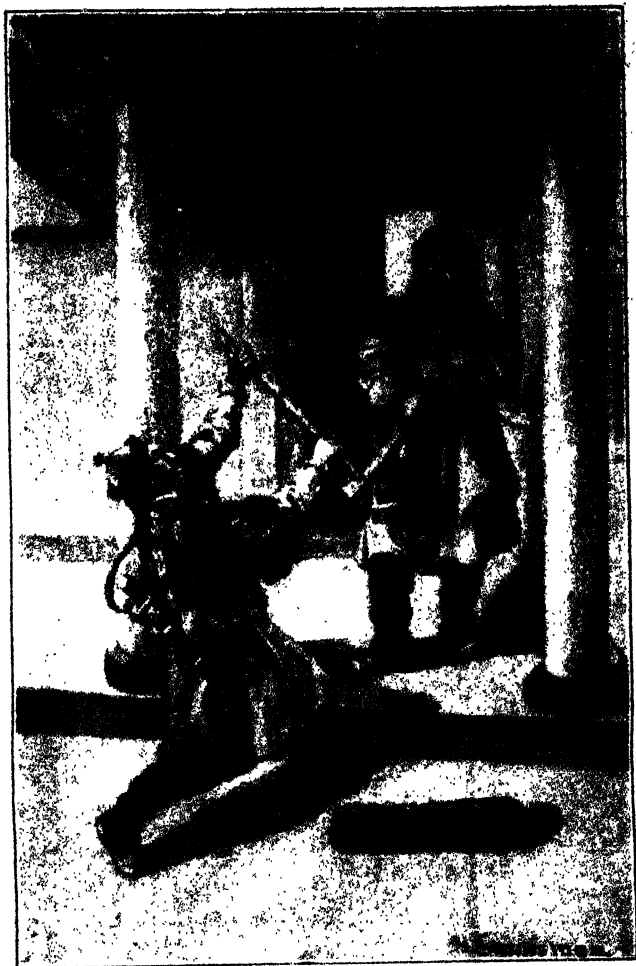
Liang-Po," he said, "I was against you before the king and I have learned that the fault was mine. I found you right, and I am guilty, not you. I have done you great wrong. General Liang-Po, my sword is on my back and a bundle of thorn sticks is in my hand. Take the sticks and beat me. Take the sword and cut off my head. We cannot make war to-morrow, if we are not at peace to-night."

Then Liang-Po, the great general, helped Liang-Sheng-Yü upon his feet and said: "No, we have always been friends. We will be friends forever, and together we will serve our king. I wish you to forgive me. I wish the king, too, to forgive me, for I have also made mistakes. We will all forgive and be forgiven — then we will surely be friends."

The two great men bowed down together and worshiped the Creator, and they both swore that from that time they would have the same mind.

MARY HAYES DAVIS AND CHOW-LEUNG.

From "Chinese Fables and Folk Stories." Copyright by The American Book Company.



'Take the sticks and beat me.'

THE MINSTREL-BOY

THE Minstrel-boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find
him;

His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind
him. —

"Land of song!" said the warrior-
bard,

"Though all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall
guard,

One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

The Minstrel fell! — but the foeman's
chain

Could not bring his proud soul under;
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,

For he tore its chords asunder;
And said, "No chains shall sully thee,

Thou soul of love and bravery!
Thy songs were made for the pure and
free,

They shall never sound in slavery!"

THOMAS MOORE

OF THE QUEEN'S MAYING, AND HOW
SIR LANCELOT RODE IN A CART

EARLY one morning in May, Queen Guinevere called her knights around her and bade them be ready to go a-maying with her and her ladies in the woods and meadows near Westminster. As a rule, when she rode abroad, the Queen was always attended by a large retinue, among whom were a number of untried youths who were known as the Queen's knights. These had not yet taken part in any tournament or battle, and they carried plain white shields to distinguish them from the other knights of Arthur's court. When, at the end of a year, any knights of the Order of the Round Table had died, their places were filled by the worthiest among the Queen's knights. And in this way had Sir Lancelot and many others won their spurs.

On this occasion Queen Guinevere would take only ten of her knights with her, these including Sir Kay, Sir Agravaine, Sir Persant, and Sir Pelleas. They were all clad in green, like foresters, and they rode forth



“ ‘What meaneth this?’ cried Queen Guinevere.”

merry and light-hearted into the fields, with never a thought of treachery in the air. But a wicked knight named Sir Meliagrance, whose castle was near by, saw them as they went a-maying, and because he loved Queen Guinevere he made a plan to capture her. Accordingly, with a company of men-at-arms and archers, he lay in wait for them in the wood.

The Queen and her gay party, all decked with wreaths of flowers and ferns, and making the air ring with their laughter, presently came riding by. Then out sprang Sir Meliagrance and his followers, barring the way.

"What meaneth this?" cried Queen Guinevere, in surprise, while her knights closed up behind her.

"It meaneth that thou must yield thyself prisoner to me," answered Meliagrance. "All these years have I loved thee in vain, and now chance has thrown thee into my power. Thou canst not hope to escape."

"Traitor knight," said Queen Guinevere, "wilt thou bring shame upon thyself and me? Remember how thou art a king's son

and a knight of the Round Table; wherefore let me return in safety."

But nothing she could say would move Meliagrance from his purpose. "Ye must yield yourselves," he repeated, "for I mean to carry you all off to my castle."

The ten Queen's knights, who were unarmed save for their swords, now ranged themselves in front of their royal mistress, but they were powerless to withstand the onslaught of Meliagrance and his knights. After a desperate struggle, in which they acquitted themselves manfully, all but four were smitten to the ground. Seeing her brave defenders in such bad case, Queen Guinevere begged Sir Meliagrance to cease the combat, declaring that she would accompany him to his castle on condition that the four knights left to her also went thither.

To this Meliagrance assented. So, after the wounded men had had their hurts seen to, the whole party set off.

Sir Meliagrance, who was sore afraid lest news of his ill-doing should reach Arthur's court, forbade any of the Queen's company to leave her, and kept a close watch upon

them. Guinevere, however, managed to give a message to one of her young squires, and ordered him to seize his opportunity and ride fast to Westminster, where he would find Sir Lancelot of the Lake.

"Give him this ring I give thee," she said, "and pray him, as he loveth me, to come to my rescue. Ride hard and spare not thy horse, neither for water nor for land."

The squire soon after saw a chance to escape, and, putting spurs to his horse, dashed off. Sir Meliagrance's horsemen endeavored to recapture him, and his archers sent arrow after arrow in the direction of the flying messenger, but he quickly outdistanced them. Seeing this, the wicked knight made all haste to reach his castle, for he knew well enough that Sir Lancelot would not be long in answering the Queen's message. On the way, he laid an ambush for Sir Lancelot, hiding some thirty or more of his most skilled archers in the wood, and giving them instructions to look out for a knight on a white horse and to stay him at all costs.

When the young squire arrived almost

breathless at Sir Lancelot's lodging in Westminster and delivered his message, you can imagine with what wrath the knight listened to his tale.

"Bring me my armor," he thundered, "and see that my horse be made ready instantly. O that I had been there, well armed, to save the Queen from this villainous traitor! But though he hath a thousand knights around him he shall not hold the Queen prisoner while I am a living man!"

Then, leaving the squire behind with a message for one Sir Lavaine, who was to follow after him, Sir Lancelot rode off post-haste for Sir Meliagrance's castle. He clattered down the main street, made his horse swim across the river, and followed the same path that Queen Guinevere had taken when she started out that morning to go a-maying. The birds sang in the trees just as merrily, and the flowers bloomed as brightly on the green hedgerows and banks, but Sir Lancelot heeded them not. He thought only of the Queen captive in the gloomy castle in the wood, with only

a few of her attendants to serve her, and his brow darkened as he gripped his sword more firmly.

In due time the knight came to the spot where Sir Meliagrance had placed his men in ambush. At sight of the body of archers who confronted him with drawn bows he reined up his steed.

"I command ye to let me pass," cried Sir Lancelot, angrily. "By what right do ye bid me, who am a knight of the Round Table, to leave my way?"

To this the archers answered nothing, save that he must turn back, or else go on foot, for they had been ordered, if he opposed them, to kill his horse.

"Be that as it may," said Sir Lancelot; "it will serve ye little good. Ye may slay my horse, but as for myself, I care not for you, were you five hundred instead of thirty. Out of my way, I tell you, or stay me at your peril!"

The brave knight spurred his horse towards them, but in a few moments the animal fell wounded under the shower of arrows, and Sir Lancelot was unhorsed.

Sword in hand, he now endeavored to get at his enemies, but by leaping over the hedges and ditches where he could not follow, burdened as he was with armor, they easily avoided him. Finding himself so much at a disadvantage, he continued his way on foot, more determined than ever that Sir Meliagrance should pay dearly for his treachery.

While making his way through the wood, Sir Lancelot suddenly came upon a woodcutter's cart with two men.

"Here is good fortune!" he exclaimed, addressing one of them. "Fellow, what wilt thou take to carry me to yonder castle on the hill?"

"I will take nothing," answered the woodcutter, surlily; "nor will I carry thee anywhere. I am here to fetch wood for my lord, Sir Meliagrance, and I will serve none other."

"But it is with him that I wish to speak," said Sir Lancelot.

"That is no matter," returned the man, as surly as before; "thou dost not ride with me, and there's an end on't."

"Very well, then," said the knight, "take that for thy churlishness." And he gave him such a blow that the man fell to the ground dead. "Now, you," he continued, addressing the other woodman, "jump into this cart at once, and drive me at thy best speed to thy master's gate, or it shall go as hard with thee as with thy fellow!"

The other woodcutter was for running away, but Sir Lancelot caught him by the arm, and in fear and trembling the man climbed up and took the reins. Then, having whipped up his horse to a gallop, he and the knight lumbered off along the forest track.

About half an hour afterwards, while Queen Guinevere and her ladies were anxiously looking out from a window in the castle, in the hope of seeing Sir Lancelot riding toward them, they suddenly saw a strange sight. A rough woodcutter's cart was rattling over the road in the valley beneath them, and in it was a tall knight, fully armed.

"See, madam," said one of the ladies, "there is a sad sight! Surely it is some

knight who hath done evil and is now riding to his hanging."

"Even so it seems," answered the Queen; but when the cart came nearer and she looked again, she recognized by his shield that it was Sir Lancelot.

"Ah, well is he that hath a trusty friend," she said to herself. "I knew thou wouldst not fail me, my Lancelot. Now have I no fear for what Sir Meliagrance may purpose doing."

As soon as the cart had reached the castle gates, Sir Lancelot sprang down and forced his way in past the porter.

"Now, come forth, thou traitorous knight," he cried, as he stood in the courtyard. "Come forth, thou and all thy fellowship; for here stand I, Sir Lancelot of the Lake, to fight with thee!"

Sir Meliagrance, hearing this summons, ran in great fear to the chamber where Queen Guinevere was seated, and falling on his knees before her, begged forgiveness for the wrong he had done.

"I throw myself on thy grace," he cried; "pray intercede with Sir Lancelot for me,

and to-morrow thou and all thy company shall return safely with him to Westminster. I am indeed woeful that I should have done this thing."

"Thou little deservest mercy," answered the Queen, "but I will speak for thee. Better always is peace than war, and the less my name is noised about the better is it for my honor."

So saying, she went down into the courtyard, where Sir Lancelot was still raging up and down, calling upon the traitor knight to come forth. He was resolved to kill Sir Meliagrance, but at the Queen's earnest entreaties he went within peaceably, and laid his arms aside. And so, in due course, Queen Guinevere and her knights and ladies returned to King Arthur's court, well satisfied at this happy ending to their adventure.

As for Sir Meliagrance, that wicked knight, for all his seeming repentance, was still treacherously minded. Although he had agreed to meet Sir Lancelot some days later, and to fight with him, he laid a trap for the Queen's champion while they were in

the castle, and thrust him into a deep dungeon. By great good fortune Sir Lancelot escaped just in time to appear on the field of battle, and here, before the King and Queen, he slew Sir Meliagrance.

From "Fairy Tales Old and New."

OF OLD SAT FREEDOM

OF old sat Freedom on the heights,
The thunders breaking at her feet:
Above her shook the starry lights:
She heard the torrents meet.

There in her place she did rejoice,
Self-gather'd in her prophet-mind,
But fragments of her mighty voice
Came rolling on the wind.

Then stept she down thro' town and field
To mingle with the human race,
And part by part to men reveal'd
The fullness of her face —

Grave mother of majestic works,
From her isle-altar gazing down,
Who, Godlike, grasps the triple forks,
And, kinglike, wears the crown:

Her open eyes desire the truth.

The wisdom of a thousand years
Is in them. May perpetual youth
Keep dry their light from tears :

That her fair form may stand and shine,
Make bright our days and light our
dreams,
Turning to scorn with lips divine
The falsehood of extremes !

ALFRED TENNYSON.

LEXINGTON

1775

No Berserk thirst of blood had they,
No battle-joy was theirs, who set
Against the alien bayonet
Their homespun breasts in that old day.

* * * * *

No seers were they, but simple men ;
Its vast results the future hid :
The meaning of the work they did
Was strange and dark and doubtful then.



"They went where duty seemed to call."

Swift as their summons came they left
The plough mid-furrow standing still,
The half-ground corn grist in the mill
The spade in earth, the ax in cleft.

They went where duty seemed to call,
They scarcely asked the reason why;
They only knew they could but die,
And death was not the worst of all!

Of man for man the sacrifice,
All that was theirs to give, they gave.
The flowers that blossomed from their
grave
Have sown themselves beneath all skies.

Their death-shot shook the feudal tower,
And shattered slavery's chain as well;
On the sky's dome, as on a bell,
Its echo struck the world's great hour.

That fateful echo is not dumb:
The nations listening to its sound
Wait, from a century's vantage-ground,
The holier triumphs yet to come, —

The bridal time of Law and Love,
The gladness of the world's release,
When, war-sick, at the feet of Peace
The hawk shall nestle with the dove!—

The golden age of brotherhood
Unknown to other rivalries
Than of the mild humanities,
And gracious interchange of good,

When closer strand shall lean to strand,
Till meet, beneath saluting flags,
The eagle of our mountain crags,
The lion of our Motherland!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

GETTYSBURG ADDRESS, NOVEMBER 19,
1863

FOURSCORE and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long

endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate — we cannot consecrate — we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, — that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion, — that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain — that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom —

and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD

THIS is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling,
Like a huge organ, rise the burnished
arms;
But from their silent pipes no anthem peal-
ing
Startles the villages with strange alarms.

Ah! what a sound will rise, how wild and
dreary,
When the death-angel touches those swift
keys!
What loud lament and dismal Miserere
Will mingle with their awful symphonies!

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,
The cries of agony, the endless groan,
Which, through the ages that have gone
before us,
In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon ham-
mer,
Through Cimbric forest roars the Norse-
man's song,
And loud, amid the universal clamor,
O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar
gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace
Wheels out his battle-bell with dreadful
din,
And Aztec priests upon their teocallis
Beat the wild war-drums made of ser-
pent's skin;

The tumult of each sacked and burning
village;

The shout that every prayer for mercy
drowns;

The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage;
The wail of famine in beleaguered towns;

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched
asunder,

The rattling musketry, the clashing blade;
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
The diapason of the cannonade.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,
With such accursed instruments as these,
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly
voices,
And jarrest the celestial harmonies?

Were half the power that fills the world
with terror,
Were half the wealth, bestowed on camps
and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from
error,
There were no need of arsenals or forts :

The warrior's name would be a name ab-
horred !

And every nation, that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Would wear forevermore the curse of
Cain !

* * * * *

Peace ! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of War's great organ shakes
the skies !

But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE DEATH OF NELSON

(The naval Battle of Trafalgar was fought by the French and the English off Cape Trafalgar, October 21, 1805.)

Soon after daylight Nelson came up on deck. Blackwood went on board the *Victory* about six. He found him in good spirits, but very calm; he knew that his own life would be particularly aimed at, and seems to have looked for death with almost as sure an expectation as for victory. His whole attention was fixed upon the enemy. His plan of defense was as well conceived, and as original, as the plan of attack. Nelson, certain of a triumphant issue to the day, asked Blackwood what he should consider as a victory. That officer answered that, considering the handsome way in which battle was offered by the enemy, their apparent determination for a fair trial of strength, and the situation of the land, he thought it would be a glorious result if fourteen were captured. He replied, "I shall not be satisfied with less than twenty."

Soon afterwards he asked him if he did

not think there was a signal wanting. Captain Blackwood made answer that he thought the whole fleet seemed very clearly to understand what they were about. These words were scarcely spoken before that signal was made which will be remembered as long as the language, or even the memory, of England shall endure — Nelson's last signal: — "ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN TO DO HIS DUTY!" It was received throughout the fleet with a shout of answering acclamation, made sublime by the spirit which it breathed and the feeling which it expressed. "Now," said Lord Nelson, "I can do no more. We must trust to the great Disposer of all events, and the justice of our cause. I thank God for this great opportunity of doing my duty."

* * * * *

It had been part of Nelson's prayer that the British fleet might be distinguished by humanity in the victory which he expected. Setting an example himself, he twice gave orders to cease firing upon the *Redoubtable*, supposing that she had struck, because her great guns were silent; for, as she carried

THE DEATH OF NELSON



The Battle of Trafalgar.

no flag, there was no means of instantly ascertaining the fact. From this ship, which he had thus twice spared, he received his death. A ball fired from her mizzentop, which, in the then situation of the two vessels, was not more than fifteen yards from that part of the deck where he was standing, struck the epaulette on his left shoulder, — about a quarter after one, just in the heat of the action. He fell upon his face. Hardy, who was a few steps from him, turning round, saw three men raising him up.

“They have done for me at last, Hardy,” said he.

“I hope not!” cried Hardy.

“Yes,” he replied; “my backbone is shot through.”

Yet even now, not for a moment losing his presence of mind, he observed, as they were carrying him down the ladder, that the tiller ropes, which had been shot away, were not yet replaced, and ordered that new ones should be rove immediately: — then, that he might not be seen by the crew, he took out his handkerchief, and covered his face and his stars. — Had he

but concealed these badges of honor from the enemy, England, perhaps, would not have had cause to receive with sorrow the news of the battle of Trafalgar.

The cockpit was crowded with wounded and dying men, over whose bodies he was with some difficulty conveyed, and laid upon a pallet in the midshipmen's berth. It was soon perceived, upon examination, that the wound was mortal. This, however, was concealed from all, except Captain Hardy, the chaplain, and the medical attendants. He himself being certain that no human care could avail him, insisted that the surgeon should leave him and attend to those to whom he might be useful: "For," said he, "you can do nothing for me." All that could be done was to fan him, and frequently to give him lemonade, to alleviate his intense thirst. He was in great pain, and expressed much anxiety for the event of the action, which now began to declare itself.

As often as the ship struck, the crew of the *Victory* hurrahed; and at every hurrah a visible expression of joy gleamed in the

eyes, and marked the countenance, of the dying hero. But he became impatient to see Captain Hardy; and as that officer, though often sent for, could not leave the deck, Nelson feared that some fatal cause prevented him, and repeatedly cried: "Will no one bring Hardy to me? He must be killed! He is surely dead!"

An hour and ten minutes elapsed, from the time when Nelson received his wound, before Hardy could come to him. They shook hands in silence; Hardy in vain struggling to suppress the feelings of that most painful and yet sublimest moment.

"Well, Hardy," said Nelson, "how goes the day with us?"

"Very well," replied Hardy; "ten ships have struck, but five of the van have tacked, and show an intention of bearing down upon the *Victory*. I have called two or three of our fresh ships round, and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing."

"I hope," said Nelson, "none of our ships have struck?"

Hardy answered, "There was no fear of that."

Then, and not till then, Nelson spoke of himself. "I am a dead man, Hardy," said he; "I am going fast—it will be all over with me soon."

He wished to live a little longer, doubtless that he might hear the completion of the victory which he had seen so gloriously begun. That consolation—that joy—that triumph, was afforded him. He lived to know that the victory was decisive.

Calling Hardy again, he said to him, in a low voice, "Don't throw me overboard"; and he desired that he might be buried by his parents, unless it should please the king to order otherwise. Then, "Kiss me, Hardy," said he.

Hardy knelt down and kissed his cheek: and Nelson said, "Now I am satisfied. Thank God, I have done my duty."

Hardy stood over him in silence for a moment or two, then knelt again and kissed his forehead.

"Who is that?" said Nelson; and being informed, he replied, "God bless you, Hardy." And Hardy then left him—forever.

CONCORD HYMN

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the
world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward
creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to-day a votive stone;
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

NIGHT COACH TO LONDON

OF all that ever flourished a whip, professionally, the coachman might have been elected Emperor. He didn't handle his gloves like another man, but put them on—even when he was standing on the pavement, quite detached from the coach—as if the four grays were, somehow or other, at the ends of the fingers. It was the same with his hat. He did things with his hat, which nothing but an unlimited knowledge of horses and the wildest freedom of the road could ever have made him perfect in.

Valuable little parcels were brought to him with particular instructions, and he pitched them into this hat, and stuck it on again; as if the laws of gravity did not admit of such an event as its being knocked off or blown off, and nothing like an accident could befall it. The guard, too! Seventy breezy miles a day were written in his very whiskers. His manners were a canter; his conversation a round trot. He was a fast coach upon a down-hill

turnpike road ; he was all pace. A wagon couldn't have moved slowly, with that guard and his key-bugle on the top of it.

The coach was none of your steady-going, yokel coaches, but a swaggering, rakish, dissipated London coach ; up all night, and lying by all day. It cared no more for Salisbury than if it had been a hamlet. It rattled noisily through the best streets, defied the Cathedral, took the worst corners sharpest, went cutting in everywhere, making everything get out of its way ; and spun along the open country-road, blowing a lively defiance out of its key-bugle, as its last glad parting legacy.

It was a charming evening — mild and bright. And even with the weight upon his mind which arose out of the immensity and uncertainty of London, Tom could not resist the captivating sense of rapid motion through the pleasant air. The four grays skimmed along, as if they liked it quite as well as Tom did ; the bugle was in as high spirit as the grays ; the coachman chimed in sometimes with his voice ; the wheels hummed cheerfully in unison ; the brass-

work on the harness was an orchestra of little bells; and thus, as they went clinking, jingling, rattling smoothly on, the whole concern, from the buckles of the leaders' coupling-reins to the handle of the hind boot, was one great instrument of music.

Yoho, past hedges, gates, and trees; past cottages and barns, and people going home from work. Yoho, past donkey-chaises, drawn aside into the ditch, and empty carts with rampant horses, whipped up at a bound upon the little water-course, and held by struggling carters close to the five-barred gate, until the coach had passed the narrow turning in the road.

Yoho, by churches dropped down by themselves in quiet nooks, with rustic burial-grounds about them, where the graves are green, and daisies sleep—for it is evening—on the bosoms of the dead. Yoho, past streams, in which the cattle cool their feet, and where the rushes grow; past paddock-fences, farms, and rick-yards; past last year's stacks, cut, slice by slice, away, and showing, in the waning light, like ruined gables, old and brown. Yoho, down the

pebbly dip, and through the merry water-splash, and up at a canter to the level road again. Yoho! Yoho!

Yoho, among the gathering shades; making of no account the deep reflections of the trees, but scampering on through light and darkness, all the same, as if the light of London, fifty miles away, were quite enough to travel by, and some to spare. Yoho, beside the village-green, where cricket-players linger yet, and every little indentation made in the fresh grass by bat or wicket, ball or player's foot, sheds out its perfume on the night.

Away with four fresh horses from the Bald-faced Stag, where toppers congregate about the door admiring; and the last team with traces hanging loose, go roaming off towards the pond, until observed and shouted after by a dozen throats, while volunteering boys pursue them. Now, with a clattering of hoofs and striking out of fiery sparks, across the old stone bridge, and down again into the shadowy road, and through the open gate, and far away, away, into the wold. Yoho!

See the bright moon! — high up before we know it; making the earth reflect the objects on its breast like water. Hedges, trees, low cottages, church steeples, blighted stumps, and flourishing young slips, have all grown vain upon the sudden, and mean to contemplate their own fair images till morning. The poplars yonder rustle, that their quivering leaves may see themselves upon the ground. Not so the oak; trembling does not become *him*; and he watches himself in his stout old barly steadfastness, without the motion of a twig.

The moss-grown gate, ill poised upon its creaking hinges, crippled and decayed, swings to and fro before its glass, like some fantastic dowager; while our own ghostly likeness travels on, Yoho! Yoho! through ditch and brake, upon the plowed land and the smooth, along the steep hillside and steeper wall, as if it were a phantom hunter.

Clouds, too! And a mist upon the hollow. Not a dull fog that hides it, but a light, airy, gauze-like mist, which in our eyes of modest admiration gives a new

charm to the beauties it is spread before: as real gauze has done ere now, and would again, so please you, though we were the Pope. Yoho! Why now we travel like the Moon herself. Hiding this minute in a grove of trees; next minute in a patch of vapor; emerging now upon our broad, clear course; withdrawing now, but always dashing on, our journey is a counterpart of hers. Yoho! A match against the Moon!

The beauty of the night is hardly felt, when day comes leaping up. Yoho! Two stages, and the country roads are almost changed to a continuous street. Yoho; past market-gardens, rows of houses, villas, crescents, terraces, and squares; past wagons, coaches, carts; past early workmen, late stragglers, drunken men, and sober carriers of loads; past brick and mortar in its every shape; and in among the rattling pavements, where a jaunty seat upon a coach is not so easy to preserve! Yoho; down countless turnings and through countless mazy ways, until an old Inn-yard is gained, and Tom Pinch, getting down, quite stunned and giddy, is in London!

CHARLES DICKENS. *Abridged.*

PETER BELL

HE roved among the vales and streams,
In the green wood and holiow dell;
They were his dwellings night and day, --
But nature ne'er could find the way
Into the heart of Peter Bell.

In vain, through every changeful year,
Did Nature lead him as before;
A primrose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

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